



messing
about in

BOATS

Volume 28 – Number 3

July 2010

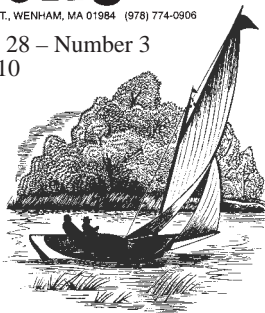
Special Features This Issue
“Pacific Coast Traditional Boats Conference”
“Canoeing Maine’s Grand Lake Matagamon”
“Staying Alive at Force 5”
“Lateral Resistance for the Cruising Sailing Canoe”



messing about in BOATS

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Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks

Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries or
problems, contact:

Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Over the last few years I have increasingly included articles on our pages "lifted" from other publications because I found them interesting enough to want to bring them to a wider audience than got to see them in their original appearances, usually in club or association newsletters with circulation limited mostly to members. Small as *MAIB* is, our 3,000+/- subscribers far outnumber the typical club or association membership.

Those articles I choose to reprint appeal to a broader audience than that of a limited club as they deal with more universal issues and experiences than just those of strictly local interest. Yet they are of no interest to larger scale consumer boating publications. I always ask for permission from the publication and author and seldom am refused as they see this as opportunity to reach out further and also introduce themselves to our wider audience (I usually include information on how to reach the publication's organization with each "lifted" article).

In this issue circumstances conspired to include eight "lifted" articles (out of a total of 31) from five other publications plus no less than three from our own back issues. This happened not from lack of content from readers, but because in some cases content stimulated the inclusion of relevant material from those other publications.

Starting off on page 19 is "A Thousand Miles from Land" from *Living Aboard*, a "small" magazine (like us) that has been around for 30 years catering to that population of boat folks who choose to live on their boats (see "You write..." pages). The subject of this particular article is about choosing to adopt that lifestyle, the reasoning behind which I thought you might find of interest.

On page 22 comes our now regular feature, "25 Years Ago in *MAIB*," which in this issue features my report on one of my early sea kayaking experiences, "Paddling a Bit on Buzzards Bay."

Page 26 starts off a lengthy treatise by David Buckman, "Staying Alive at Force Five" about how to sail in strong winds in small open boats, this also from way back in *MAIB*, January 1987. I reviewed David's new book, *Bucking the Tide*, in the June issue along with reprinting a bygone (1990s) cruising article of his as I was so taken by the book. This follow-up seemed logical to me to complete a tour de force for David.

Pages 30 and 31 have a one-two punch from my favorite small boating journal, *The Dinghy Cruising Association Journal*. I love the way the British write about their adven-

turing in small craft and these two, "A Metaphysical Route to Boat Safety" and "Helping Others Survive a Capsize," are entertaining and informative dissertations on a usually dull subject, safety.

Page 32 jumps right out of another British publication, *Paddles Past*, the Journal of the Traditional Canoe & Kayak Association. "Camping Out" is a hilarious discussion from 100 years ago on the charms of roughing it "with the boys" canoe camping.

On pages 35 and 37 we move on to the *MainSheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter of the TSCA. We frequently have articles from it, their editors seem to consistently come up with good universally interesting material. "Modeling, Not Just for Kids" on page 35 supplies the occasional coverage of model boating I like to present, and on page 37, "Help Us Find This Boat" is a plea for help from someone wishing to find a boat built by his father long ago.

Page 38 has another reprint from a bygone *MAIB* of November 1985, "Classic Charm, the Peapod," because regular contributor Greg Grundtisch had sent in a short item I put on the preceding page (37) requesting information about a well-used peapod he'd acquired and this very article from the past had the answer.

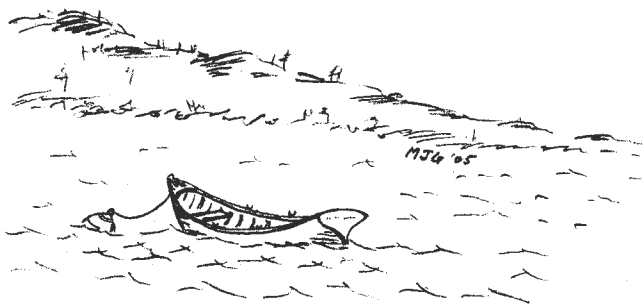
Page 40 starts off several pages by Hugh Horton on sailing canoes, specifically, "Lateral Resistance for the Cruising Sailing Canoe." Hugh has long been with us as well and in June I ran his report on his Bufflehead canoe from the Gougeon brothers (WEST System™) newsletter *Epoxyworks*. This month's article came from the Traditional Small Craft Association (TSCA) newsletter (more a small magazine now), the *Ash Breeze*. New editors this year came from the aforementioned *MainSheet* and they are doing good things expanding coverage of traditional small craft news.

Finally way back on page 49 is "Canoe Wheels," an article on home building them from 1882, this one also from *Paddles Past*. This issue has quite a lot in it to do with canoeing so I thought it would add to the mix a bit to include this one.

So this has been a glimpse of how I sort of toss together an issue every month, with much help from others out there publishing their own journals/newsletters. As each issue slowly shapes up here each month it suggests to me what more I might want to include and where I might find it. This is a fun game. If it wasn't I'd have never lasted through 27 years and now 663 issues!

On the Cover...

Phil Bolger at the helm of one of his designs, *Whalewatcher*, which is featured in this issue in his last unpublished article for *MAIB* written before his death. Phil didn't often get the chance to savor one of his creations, in this case he tells us that he was well pleased.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Nearly ready to shove off for Buzzards Bay but rain still falling as the aftermath of tropical storm Ernesto [2006—*Ed*]. Almost a foot of rain in Virginia and the Carolinas but scarcely enough in Noank to drown a lobster.

Worked aboard *MoonWind* yesterday and listened to the forecast. Eight to 13' seas in Block Island Sound; 25 to 25 knot winds. Not a good day to venture forth in a little boat. Wind out of the northeast all day but will have veered to westerly by Monday. Tide will be ebbing all morning so shall have a free ride to Point Judith or Block Island.

Meanwhile, I trepanned the liner in the head to inspect the port chain plate that some moron had inadvisably boxed in. Why would you choose to conceal something so vital to the integrity of your vessel? I needed to know if the chain plate had been afflicted with leaks; whether the glassed-in wood was sound or whether the bolts were corroded. Everything appears sound.

Have secured my fuel tanks to eye straps and secured their covers as well. Also refastened my lazy jacks so they can be released from the boom for roller reefing. Need only replace two battens with the new ones of ash, as the ones of mahogany broke.

Went to the local marine consignment store for last minute shopping and did quite well. Found four new spark plugs for the price of one, some hanger clips for the taffrail and, best of all, some shelving. One of these is a magazine rack with a scroll top, made of maple but varnished. It just fit on the bulkhead above the forward settee; hopefully I won't crack my head on its lower corner too often.

Of course, I had to remove the bronze bell, the first aid kit, and the dish rack. The first aid kit went on the inside of the head door, the bell bracket to the bulkhead in the cockpit. As the bell first rings when *MoonWind* heels 35 degrees, it should prove handy. In case I fall asleep at the helm, it'll rouse me just before I wet my rail. The dish rack barely fit abaft the aftermost port light half a step from the galley.

My other prize was a small teak rack consisting of a paper towel roller surmounted by a spice shelf. This now hangs on the outside of the head door, also only half a step from the galley. I now have paper towels within the head and without. What luxury! Eventually, the ugly plastic dispenser within will get the deep six to make way for something more elegant and useful. There's a huge space just behind the toilet, large enough to store towels. Or dirty laundry.

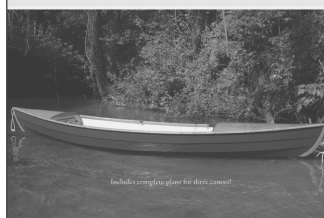
My magazine rack is just large enough for Mr. Richardson's chart books. The shorter front slot contains Eldridge's repair and instruction manuals, my Coast Guard guide to aids to navigation, my little parallel rules. Also anything else I'm loath to misplace.

Now I need to stow my clothes and groceries. My toolboxes fit into brackets inside the settle lockers. In the quarter berth I've stowed my bulkier goods, hampers and bedding to prevent their being flung about should I meet some heavy weather. Little boats are a challenge to make efficient, though single-handing allows a great deal more storage.

My stern compartment, designed for an inboard motor, holds only a 20-gallon water tank and my battery. My single locker on the port side isn't organized at all. Some hooks for hanging cordage would be a beginning. Perhaps I'll try the marine consignment store again today.

Eventually, *MoonWind* will be an efficient little mistress; ready to reach for adventures along the coast. A trip to Maine would make a grand vacation; a visit to the Chesapeake would be delightful. If only I live another hundred years, I'll get to visit every gunkhole along the eastern seaboard. And, if you live another hundred years, you'll have to endure my droll accounts of every place I've been.

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Rum Runners *The Smugglers from* *St. Pierre and Miquelon* *and the Peninsula, from* *Prohibition to Present Day*

By J.P. Andrieux
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Reviewed by: Ron McIrvin

The Bahamas, Bermuda and St. Pierre and Miquelon were similar islands in a way during the prohibition era when they served as offshore bases to distribute liquor to the dry US and Canada. St. Pierre, which was only 12 miles from Newfoundland, was a haven for Canadians to set up operations to serve their dry neighbors.

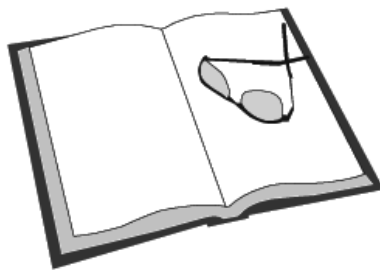
This book tells the story of the smuggling trade between the French islands St. Pierre and Miquelon, and Canada and the US from early times through Prohibition, finally ending about 1998.

Early temperance groups were not against drinking, but against the misuse of alcoholic beverages. The first temperance group in the world was formed in Moreau, New York, in 1808. Temperance societies gradually increased in numbers until there were about 8,000 in the late 1820s. The anti-drinking movement continued to gain favor, although with some variation in momentum, until finally the US Congress passed the 18th Amendment on December 18, 1917. Prohibition was then the law of the land.

Then trouble really started. Banning liquor seemed to increase its desirability. Speakeasies sprang up like mushrooms, stills were hidden in the woods. However, most of the liquor supply came by sea as liquor was not contraband until it crossed the border into the US. The job of stopping the liquor fell to the Coast Guard, which did not have the facilities or manpower to do the job.

St. Pierre island, a French colony, served as a distribution point for the liquor trade to the northern US and Canada. High quality scotch and rye whiskey was shipped from Scotland to St. Pierre where it was purchased by smugglers who would take 1,000 to 5,000 cases in their schooners and sail south to "Rum Row" which was in international waters 12 miles off Fire Island, New York. There they would drift, safe from the law, and at night small fast boats would visit the schooners take on some whiskey and then streak to shore, trying to avoid the Coast Guard.

As might be expected, hardened criminals acquired control of the flow of liquor into New York and organized crime ended up running the entire smuggling operation from importation to final dispensing. One of the mob's biggest names, Al Capone, visited St. Pierre; he was curious about the little island and wanted to see the operation for himself. The visit went OK but several people had the wits scared out of them when they realized



Book Reviews

they were talking to Scarface Al, accompanied by his three bodyguards.

One of the more colorful people involved in the smuggling trade was the American, Bill McCoy. He got his start bringing rum and whiskey in his 90' fishing schooner, the *Henry L. Marshall*, from Nassau to the coast of Georgia. He subsequently brought his schooner to St. Pierre for much needed repairs, and accidentally discovered the possibilities of procuring liquor at St. Pierre as well and opening up a new liquor supply route. Bill always bought and sold first-class liquor, and it was through him that the term for something good, "the real McCoy" is credited. He also brought one of the only women involved in the smuggling trade, the 30-year-old Gertrude Light, and her 1,000 cases of bourbon from Nassau to Rum Row, an interesting event.

On one occasion a small fishing boat from Newfoundland arrived in St. Pierre and loaded 500 small barrels of whiskey. The whiskey barrels were then fitted inside larger herring barrels and then the herring barrels were filled with pickled herring in St. Johns, Newfoundland. The herring barrels were then shipped to New York by freighter. All went well until while unloading in New York one of the herring barrels slipped out of a sling and crashed to the deck splitting open. The entire 500 barrels of whiskey/herring were confiscated.

The smuggling finally ended in St. Pierre in 1999 when the RCMP clamped down hard on the few remaining smugglers.

This book is a very interesting narrative of all this. The smuggling operation was very complex and went on for a long time. The author does a good job telling the history and stories of the chancy, but at times lucrative, smuggling of liquor and tobacco. The book is dedicated to Bill McCoy, known as the Real McCoy, Premier Rumrunner of the American Prohibition era.

The River Queen

By Mary Morris
Henry Holt and Co.,
New York, New York—2007

Reviewed by McCabe Coolidge

"Wow," I thought when I opened this book at Christmas, a present from my brother-in-law who lives near the Missouri River and who loves to shoot the rapids of the Arkansas, "An adventure story!"

Mary Morris is a professor at Sarah Lawrence College. Her father, at the age of 103, died in Chicago. He was a musician, a successful developer, but one who shared little of his life with his daughter. After he died Morris had great difficulty in sleeping and the medication she was taking for insomnia left her groggy and depressed. What to do?

Aha! She plans a sabbatical. A trip down the Mississippi, retracing some of the places her father lived as a boy, as a young man, some of his haunts along the river before moving to Chicago. But how to do this?

She rents a 42' wooden houseboat weighing 11 tons, powered by ancient recalcitrant engines that at maximum thrust push this craft along at 8 knots. Along with this barge of a boat comes Captain Jerry, an aging Jimmy Buffett look-alike and his good friend and First Mate, Tom.

On board, Tom calls Jerry "Captain" or "Sir." First Mate Tom is addicted to Chips Ahoy and Diet Dew. Joining this threesome is Samantha Jean, one of those little barksy dogs who takes an immediate dislike to Mary and growls or barks when she walks by. Mostly Captain Jerry holds her in his lap, wrapped up in her special blanket.

The pilgrimage begins at La Crosse, Wisconsin, on the Black River which meets up with the Mississippi four miles downstream. Coming on board, Morris discovers Tom wrestling with the head and Captain Jerry on the upper deck reviewing the charts. Originally Morris had contracted with just Captain Tom. Morris steps over to the captain to find out who Jerry is and why is he on the boat with them.

"Oh," Tom exclaims, "Honeybun wants him along."

"Honeybun? Who is Honeybun?"

"My wife Kathy. And Tom is a very good mechanic."

They push off. As with any old boat, there are plenty of things that go south. One engine stops working. Tom fixes it. Then the other engine spews black exhaust out the stern. Then the toilet, then the... Good thing Tom is along. Through locks, oxbows, and strong currents they wage their battle downstream.

Morris is initially not invited to be Second Mate. She gazes, daydreams, takes notes, looks at charts and travel books, often attempting to find a place ahead that has a hot shower and a bar, maybe even a clean motel room for an overnight respite from the boys, who sleep on hammocks or on air mattresses.

Morris weaves into this saga writings from Mark Twain, current revival efforts of the declining river towns, some minimal conversations with the crew, and humorous stories of the awful cooking on board and her hot and uncomfortable sleeping quarters on a cot near the engine room. This is not a cruise. Yet I chuckled late into the evening, reading and imagining this trio making their meandering way, arguing, sometimes pouting, often laughing, with a determined effort to become a threesome.

After they pass the halfway point, Captain Tom decides to show Mary how to steer this vessel between snares, around tugs and long tows, and to watch for navigational buoys. This is a mighty task for landlubber Morris. She retreats and writes about her frustrations, her loneliness, and her occasional fantasy of jumping ship, but she hangs in there.

In doing so, Morris captures the hour-by-hour, day-by-day nuances of onboard conversations and on-land encounters with wait-

resses, chamber of commerce prophets, and boaters who are doing the Great Loop down the St Lawrence, through the Great Lakes, down the Mississippi, around the Gulf Coast, and back up the Atlantic. But this old lady of a boat, *The River Queen*, stops at Cairo, turns left, heads up the Ohio, connecting with the Tennessee River where she will winter.

As they cross Kentucky Lake, the last leg of their journey, Captain Tom yells at her, "I have to go below, you take the helm!" Surprised, Mary looks up as Tom leans in to listen to the engines. There is no current now, just a wind out of the north, skimming the water, pushing on the bow. Captain Morris takes the helm, navigates the lake, and maneuvers the boat to the docks of Paris Landing. A clear success for such a bumpy, off beat saga. An adventure story? Nothing like a Tom Sawyer expedition here.

I liked the honesty of Morris's journals. The ongoing search and grief for a father who will remain aloof and mostly unknown bringing the disappointment of not finding out much about him. The stress of being in a small place with two men and a dog. But she tried! That is what is enduring about this memoir. Morris did what she set out to do. Go down the Mississippi. Just being on the journey is good enough.

Maybe this account will inspire you to set off for the Mississippi, or another river. Me? I think I'd rather start with a sailboat in Key West and go up the Intracoastal Waterway. I'll invite my "honeybun" to come aboard for a section or two, maybe some friends also, but I bet I'll sail a chunk of that water all by myself. No Chips Ahoy, no Diet Dew for me. Just a little red wine at sundown. I'll have a comfortable V-berth and I expect to be rocked to sleep each night.



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Activities & Events...

Snow Row 2010 Rocked!

The 30th annual Snow Row at Hull, Massachusetts, in early March on a fine sunny spring-like day will stand alone. Yes, there were mishaps; boats collided (naturally), boats driven off course by the tide missed the finish line, coxswains lost their voices, we ran out of commemorative hats. One rower seriously sprained her ankle tumbling into her coxed-four at the Le-Mans start, and another in an Alden began the race by sprinting across the finish line into oncoming vessels and was promptly capsized. But everyone ended the day beaming. What more could we ask?

Due to the huge turnout, we made an impromptu change to the race start, setting boats off the beach in four waves instead of the traditional three. This not only minimized the number of pinwheel entanglements during the race's first few minutes (an annual highlight) but also made for a very tight pack across the whole race course. Thanks to this tweak, and the magnificent conditions, all 111 boats finished the race in under an hour, and all but eight boats crossed the line within 20 minutes of one another, quite a challenge for our timing crew. All of this was witnessed by hundreds of spectators lining the beach at Windmill Point and following the course aboard the Boston's Best Cruises ferry that, for the fourth year, gave fans an intimate view of the race with none of the pain of competition.

In addition to the wonderful athletes who travel from all over New England, New York City, and as far away as Virginia to be at the race, dozens of friends help HLM make this event an annual joy.

Exciting pictures and all race results can be found on our website: hulllifesavingmuseum.org.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, Hull, MA

A Gathering of Human-Powered Boats on Jamaica Bay

On Sunday, July 17 (10am-5pm) there will be a gathering of human-powered boats on Brooklyn's Jamaica Bay sponsored by the Sebago Canoe Club and the NY-NJ Harbor Estuary Program in partnership with the New England Interstate Water Pollution Control Commission. Join us for the day and explore the bay with guided trips led by Sebago members, or you can explore the bay on your own. There will be individual and groups of kayakers, canoeists, outrigger canoes, Sunfish sailors, Laser sailors, rowers, rowboats, sculls and dragon boats from the Tri-State area, and maybe a few surprises. If your boat is human-powered, come and say hello to old friends, meet new friends, learn about the ecology of the estuary, and have fun on the water. We expect about 250 guests that day.

Full details are posted on our website: www.sebagocanoeclub.org. We plan to make this the largest gathering of human-powered boats ever seen on Jamaica Bay.

Sebago Canoe Club, Brooklyn, NY

Adventures & Experiences...

50 Years of Messing About

I have been messing for over 50 years. I got my first boat, *Yellow Skiff*, when I was a wee lad and grew up a water rat on the Flint River in south Georgia and on the Gulf of Mexico about ten years after Robb White. I enlisted in the Coast Guard at age 18 and was a 1st Class Boatswain's Mate when I got out four years later. I have held a 100-ton license for many years.

I have built several small boats, including a Rescue Minor (still have this for sale). I just completed a Robb White Sport Boat for my six-year old grandson Cole. Now his four-year old brother Sam is being relentless in asking where is his boat! I cut a yellow poplar tree last week and had it sawn into 3/4"x18' foot boards, perhaps I can build one more.

We love your magazine!

Dan C. Houston, Santa Rosa Beach, FL

Tom's Townie Tale Reprint a Delight

I was delighted to see the reprint of "How I Came to Own a Townie" by Tom McGrath in your May issue! I have all of Tom's books (I believe?): *Adventures in a Townie*, *More Tales of a Townie and the Damn Foole*, and *Flight of the Damn Foole*, as well as having clipped out and saved in a binder the many episodes that appeared in your magazine over the years. I admire his candor, his pluck, and his lack of patience with the many mundane obligations that interfere with his messing about in a boat. I'm also amazed at how well his amorphous illustrations express the most subtle attitudes and emotions.

I once owned a used Townie, my first and last wood boat. I bought it before getting married, so its many parts could be spread out all over the basement floor in various stages of being refurbished and brightened. The stripped hull on sawhorses in the front yard kept me busy with heat gun and scraper in the hot summer sun. Though I came to love the looks of her, she lacked one essential quality, staying afloat. Despite repeated caulking attempts and swelling time, a day or two at the mooring would submerge her to the gunwales. I finally had to give her up, but I still remember her fondly and Tom's tales and drawings revive that pleasure. Perhaps my Townie is afloat somewhere today. I hope so.

By the way, do you happen to know what Tom is doing these days?

George Frode, Hingham MA

Editor Comments: When last heard from several years ago Tom was "cruising" the US in a small motor home.

Vicarious Messing About

It's always a pleasure to get something in the mail from *Messing About in Boats*, even if it is only the annual subscription renewal bill. Even though it diminishes my pecuniary pile, the pleasure your magazine af-

fords clearly outweighs its very modest cost. Also, the annual renewal at this time of year (the beginning of our boating season) causes me to reflect on my nautical achievements during the past year, which consisted of a lot of sitting and very little messing.

In my search for a small vessel that might carry my increasingly rigid frame safely o'er the friendly main, I saw just such a boat, one which had attracted my attention many years ago. It was a recent reproduction of Tom Day's *Seafarer* (the boat in which he and some friends crossed the Atlantic in the early part of last century) and the asking price was in keeping with what I believed was fair. Then I read further and learned that the owner was reluctantly selling her because he was getting too old and clumsy to handle her.

Well, that brought me up short and so I am still boatless, reduced to enjoying messing about on a very vicarious level. But thanks to one of your advertisers, the Breakaway Press, I have had some fine derivative adventures through their books (as I do with MAIB): *The Unlikely Voyage of Jack De-Crow*, *Flotsam and Jetsam*, and *Small Boats on Green Waters*. In addition, I also got hold of Margaret Dyer's *Dinghy Cruising*, and I am rediscovering the great pleasures of reading about small boats and what great surrogates a good boating book can be.

And so it is still with great pleasure that I look forward to seeing my friendly mailman happily deliver my monthly restorative, bracing me for the renewed delight of experiencing Ratty's dictum, "there is nothing, absolutely nothing..."

Joseph Ress, Waban, MA

Phunstuph is Launched

Herewith a photo of the recent launching of my *Phunstuph* clammimg skiff in Essex, Massachusetts. The travel lift was able to handle her OK so we didn't need the crane parked beside her (just in case).

George Thompson, Essex, MA



Information of Interest...

All About Sanibel Charters

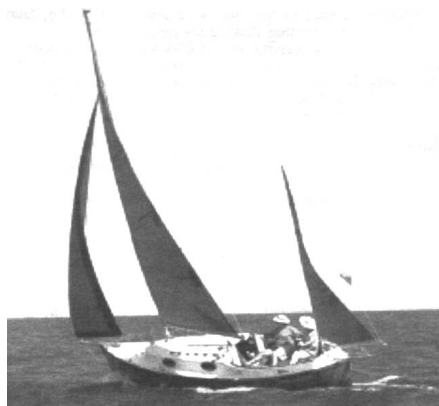
I grew up in the Midwest and only sailed a few daysailers as a kid but had a keen interest in cruising, new adventures, bigger boats, and distant shores. In 1992, I chartered a Bolger Black Skimmer 25 leeboard sharpie for a week in Florida Bay, north of the Keys. When my then girlfriend agreed to go along, I knew she was the one for me. We sailed for a week, ran aground a million times, saved a shipwrecked mariner, got sunburned, peed in a bucket, snorkeled reefs, skinny dipped, saw birds, got lost, delighted in nature, and vastly increased our sailing skills. We had the time of our lives and later got married.

My sailing mushroomed, we did charters on bigger boats in the BVI, Chesapeake Bay, and Albemarle Sound and I later sailed

solo to Bermuda and back on my Cape Dory 26, and trans-Atlantic on a Bristol Channel Cutter with my father. Now back at a 60-hour a week job, I still have a keen desire to sail, but little time. In the seven years I have lived on Sanibel I have been through a variety of unsuitable boats, all too big, too high maintenance and deep draft for our local waters. Recently sailing a Sunfish, I remembered just how fun a little boat could be and re-set my aspirations.

Recalling how great our first charter was, I wished to provide a similar experience for others. I have set up a small business and purchased a pretty little Rob Roy 23, shoal draft and small enough to be manageable. My wish is to keep this a small venture, getting to know the charterers and promoting their fun and adventures. I hope my customers feel the same. This is a sideline for me, I am still working full-time but have a great helper for day-to-day chores. I really am doing it "for fun and for free" as my friend Chuck C. says, meaning I hope to break even if I am lucky. The payoff is vicarious fun and enabling my helper to have some work.

John Churchill, Sanibel, FL,
grafpatrick@earthlink.net



Living Aboard Has New Owners

FTW Publishing, the parent company of *Latitudes & Attitudes* magazine, has reached an agreement with Fred Walters, owner of the 30-year-old publication *Living Aboard*, to take over the publication. Fred was wanting to slow down a little and wanted to make sure the magazine had a good home.

Sue Morgan, a 30-year liveaboard and L&A's editor, will take the reins as Managing Editor, while Robin Stout, a liveaboard for over ten years and production manager at L&A, will become the editor.

As you can see, the magazine has come to a good home. Early subscription are available at \$15 a year for the every other month title. The price will increase to \$19.95 a year after the whole transfer has been completed. Until then you can send your check to subscribe to:

Living Aboard, Box 668, Redo Beach, CA 90277. You can check it out at <http://www.livingaboard.com>.

Yes, we will be looking for articles from liveaboard cruisers on the lifestyle! What can we say, we love this life!

More About British Dinghies

My enjoyment of the Dinghy Cruising Association articles from Great Britain suggests to me that anyone interested in more

might have a look at www.swallowboats.com. I think their boats are very appealing in an "Ian Proctor meets Edgar Marsh" kind of way. Also look up on Google Earth the Teifi Estuary where they are located in Great Britain. And while I am recommending websites, have a look at capefalconkayak.com, they have some interesting developments in skin-on-frame.

Should there still be any readers unaware of Arthur Ransome's books (*Swallows & Amazons*, et al) they are worth keeping in mind to read. His books were responsible for my fondness for small alongshore boats.

Steve Weld, Milton, MA

Visited Phil Bolger's Memorial Site

I took advantage of some nice spring weather to drive to Gloucester (Massachusetts) and locate Phil Bolger's Memorial after 40 minutes of searching in the area. Susanne did an incredible job under very difficult conditions, the Memorial is a fine tribute to Phil.

Anyone (other than locals who know the area) wishing to find it should take Rt 133 Exit 14 off Rt 128 in West Gloucester and head west (towards Essex) about a mile to the fourth street on the right, Lincoln St. This street is heavily potholed. Approximately 100 yards in are two stone columns marking the entrance to the cemetery. No other sign was visible. Phil's Memorial is around to the right, one of very few.

While I was in the area I went over to nearby Essex and spoke briefly with Harold Burnham, who gave me some good advice on my entering small boat building, which I intend to do when I retire, not commercially but to build something of my own that hopefully my daughter will have long after I'm gone. I've spent nearly 40 years working at a job where individual work is belittled and sloth prevails. I'd like to leave some evidence of good work behind.

Harry Fleming III, Woodbury, CT

Puddle Duck Racers Gearing Up

The Puddle Duck Racers are already gearing up for next October's MASCF, they have plans for building another boat or two at St Mike's as well as trying to organize an 8-Footer Regatta. They have a Yahoo Forum set up to help organize it on the web. They started in April!

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

More on Variation & Declination

As a student in Forest Surveying at the University of Maine, I learned that the angle between the compass needle and true north is called magnetic declination. It is labeled as such on topographic maps, including the current one I have in front of me, as well as on my Silva Ranger Compass, which has an adjustable baseplate to adjust for this.

I was confused at my first Power Squadron course by the use of variation, but it is the term used on nautical charts. My copy of Dutton's *Navigation & Piloting* allows for either term, NOAA's website calculator uses magnetic declination, and Webster's Dictionary goes further by dropping magnetic and defining declination and variation as synonymous. If you're boating and using charts (not maps) it would be best to use variation. Those canoe guides probably use topo maps.

Bruce Weik, Freedom, ME

Information Wanted...

Cartopping Ideas Needed

When I am in the Adirondacks I use a 12' Kevlar Hornbeck canoe (22lbs) for bass fishing. It is a great little boat but I sit on two inches of dense foam on the bottom. Getting out requires strength and coordination which I am losing in my aging process. Someday I suspect it will be impossible for me to get out without tipping over.

Confounding this situation is my back (BAD) that has had surgery and which limits my lifting of heavy objects. A Myers Sportspal 14' aluminum canoe I bought for my son and grandson for fishing is easy to get in and out of but there is no way I am going to lift its 63lbs over my head to put it on top of my Ford Escape (SUV).

I believe I have seen bygone articles (I have all issues from about 15 years ago) showing systems for getting a canoe on top of a car with only minimal lifting. Is there any chance you have an index of all past issues so you can advise me which ones to look into for these articles?

David Warner, 44 Woodland Dr, Centerbrook, CT 06409-1032

Editor Comments: A look though our index of issues from 1983 through 2000 turned up five articles and I recalled another from a more recent issue, all of which issue numbers I have forwarded to David. Any readers who might care to offer him advice are invited to do so by mail.

From 2001 on (almost 200 issues now) we have no index so such searches cannot be done over those years unless enquirer can pinpoint fairly closely the year at least, in which case I will look at tables of contents of issues within that time frame.

Back issues earlier than 2000 are all gone, most (but not all) of those since 2000 are available at \$3 each. Photocopies of articles identified from our website index (or other specific dating) are available at \$1 each but with a minimum charge of \$5 for up to five, to cover time looking up each issue, locating article, taking it to copy shop on our regular trips there, copying and mailing. Only since 2009 have we any issues in digital format.

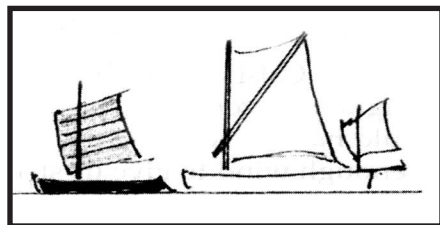
This Magazine...

Marketing is Always Tough

I have gotten a call from a fellow in Virginia who is restoring the old Matthews motor yacht *Nymph*, saw my ad in *MAIB* and ordered two tenders to match the ones that came with her when she was new and the signal mast.

I thank you for the service your magazine provides. Marketing is always tough and sorting out who is profiting by the ads in some magazines is sometimes hard to tell.

C. Stickney, Boatbuilder, St George, ME



The Columbia River Maritime Museum (CRMM) hosted a Traditional Boats of the Pacific Northwest Conference March 5 and 6 at the Museum in Astoria, Oregon. The Museum, founded in 1962, is a private non-profit museum. It is located on the south bank of the Columbia River, right on the water, in Astoria, Oregon. The Museum is one of the finest maritime museums on the US West Coast and is the official maritime museum of the State of Oregon. Six Galleries, the Great Hall, and the Lightship *Columbia* interpret the rich maritime history of the Pacific Northwest. Permanent museum exhibits, among others ranging from the US Navy and the US Coast Guard to the fishing industry, include a fully reconstructed sailing gillnetter as used on the Columbia River and an authentic powered Columbia River Gillnetter from the mid-20th century.

The goal of the conference was to cooperatively develop a list of traditional boat types of the region, identifying which types remain and which types are extinct. The list would then be used to develop strategies and priorities for documenting and preserving the region's boats.

The Pacific Northwest (PNW) region was broadly defined as stretching from Alaska south to Northern California, and east from the Pacific to the eastern borders of Washington and Oregon, some parts, perhaps, of Idaho and, implicitly, maritime British Columbia.

The Conference opened the evening of March 5 with a tour of the Museum's crowded Small Boat Storage Facility across the street. It was a real treat to have the opportunity to see the many boats, engines, and marine artifacts stored at the facility.

The conference itself took place March 6. Conference speakers included:

Sam Johnson, Executive Director of the Columbia River Maritime Museum (CRMM).

David Cockey, Museum Small Craft Association, Rochester Michigan.

James Cole, Chief Estimator, Elliot Bay Design Group, Seattle Washington.

Bob Chenoweth, Curator, Nez Perce National Historic Park, Spalding Idaho.

Todd Croteau, Maritime Program Coordinator, HABS/HAER, National Park Service.

Harvey Golden, traditionalkayaks.com and author of *Kayaks of Greenland*.

About 65 people from a variety of private and public businesses and institutions attended, including members of the National Park Service, the Navy Museum in Washington, DC, the San Francisco Maritime Museum, and individuals such as Center for Wooden Boats Founding Director Dick Wagner, builder Sam Devlin, author Roger Fletcher (*Drift Boats and River Dories*), Traditional Small Craft Association (TSCA) members and a variety of amateur boat builders and interested individuals.

Pacific Coast Traditional Boats Conference

By Pete Leenhouts

CRMM Executive Director Sam Johnson asked for collaborative help from interested parties to develop a list of regional boat types, find representatives of each type of boat (photographically or via line drawings if the type had vanished), and to determine a strategy for their documentation and protection.

Over the next year Sam's objective is to work cooperatively with museums, institutions, private organizations, and individuals in the Pacific Northwest and across the nation to define a regional strategy for such activities so that regionally important boats can be further identified, documented and protected.

Essentially, these goals and objectives add to regional momentum within the Pacific Northwest to further Todd Croteau's work at the National Park Service, addressed below, to develop regional momentum to identify, document, and preserve, where possible, representative boats (of all materials) under appropriate public or private ownership.

Sam envisioned two distinct steps fundamental to the work of documenting and protecting regionally important boats. The first step is to develop a list of boat types and to find representatives of these boats. Once a boat is located, its particulars (function, rough physical dimensions, propulsion, construction type, and so on) will be recorded to develop a set of descriptors to classify the boat and compare it to other boats of the region. In this way, the work of determining strategies for the documentation and protection of the best examples of each type of regionally important boat can begin.

Sam intends to cast the net as widely as possible to identify boat types, including those which exist only in photographs, line drawings, or as anecdotes and memories from the community at large. "While it is true that some of this material may be of questionable value to museum specialists, it is essential," Sam said, "in getting people to think about what might be out there in the landscape. After all, a boat type once thought to be extinct might in fact be still lurking in the proverbial barn or boat shed."

The second step is to determine the strategy for documenting and preserving such boats. While there is probably no single best practice for determining which boats should be given the highest priority, certainly those which are rare and in the greatest jeopardy should be near the top of the list. Other facts, of course, will come in to play such as owner-

ship, historical importance, preservation and recording opportunities, and so forth.

For someone studying the evolution of the Columbia River Gillnetter, for example, variants would be essential to understanding the development of the type. And while small craft are easiest to document and preserve, appropriate attention should necessarily be paid to the as-yet unsung barges and workboats essential to any region's economy and history.

In the longer view, the CRMM proposal would result in a cooperatively developed and ongoing process where boats would be located, described, and assessed via a searchable database, formally documented and protected. The resultant documentation would be published via the Library of Congress and museum and other publications.

The speakers who followed CRMM Executive Director Sam Johnson illuminated the spectrum of boats and activities that could support the identification and documentation of the wide range of regionally important boats throughout the Pacific Northwest.

David Cockey, of the Museum Small Craft Association (MSCA), www.museumsmallcraft.org, followed Sam's opening remarks with an interesting and informative review of boat and ship classification schemes. The MSCA is a national organization which works with museum curators, technicians, boat builders, and conservators across 42 museums in aiding in the preservation of small craft currently maintained by those museums which were formerly used along the coasts and in any navigable waters. The Association focuses largely on conservation, restoration, and documentation of these museum-maintained small craft, over 1,700 of them, through the development of hands-on skills as well as scholarly research into small craft history. They'll host their annual meeting October 26-27, 2010 (with optional field trips October 25 and 28 at the Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle, Washington).

It was a most positive measure of David's speaking ability and the conference attendee's interest that he was able to energize such a potentially dry subject. He covered a variety of boat classification schemes, including the Smithsonian Institution's 1923-era Boat Classification List through the Maynard Bray-developed Mystic Watercraft List, the Oregon Sea Grant Field Guide List, the National Small Boat Register maintained by the National Maritime Museum in Cornwall, UK, and the MSCA's own Union List. Attendees made some interesting observations about how to add boats and descriptive categories to the CRMM list, which will ultimately be used to develop boat classifications for the Museum.

Jim Cole, Chief Estimator, Elliot Bay Design Group, Seattle Washington, made

Probably a Davis Boat, likely built on Metlakatla Island, Alaska, pre-WWII, 12' long, grown breasthooks and knees.



Astoria OR, a Bristol Bay Boat, once used on Bristol Bay, Alaska, in the last sail fishery in the US.



a thoroughly interesting presentation during a working lunch regarding his forthcoming book which will address the evolution of fishing vessels of the Pacific Northwest and Alaska. Jim is a talented artist and illustrated his talk with eight examples of fishing vessels developed by Northwest native peoples as well as more recent immigrants, such as the Croats and the Norwegians, to the Puget Sound and Columbia River areas. Jim expects his book, *A History of the Fishing Vessels of the Pacific Northwest and Alaska*, will be published in the fall of 2010.

Bob Chenoweth, anthropologist, Museum Director and Curator of the Nez Perce National Historical Park, headquartered in Spaulding, Idaho, was next to speak. His presentation focused on the dugout canoes of the Columbia Plateau and was illustrated with anecdotes and historic pictures, not only of these most interesting craft but of his efforts to locate and preserve physical as well as photographic evidence of the boats. I, for one, had not realized the Nez Perce, who were so instrumental to the survival and success of famed explorers Lewis and Clark, were a river people who had mastered boats and boat building long before their mastery of the horse. His discussion of these boats, several of which were in excess of 50' long in the historic record, was quite revealing.

Todd Croteau, Historic American Engineering Record (HAER) Maritime Program Manager, National Park Service, Department of the Interior, titled his presentation "Saving the Lines, Documenting Historic Vessels." The mission of the HAER Maritime Program is to document America's unique maritime heritage for future generations. The archivally-produced drawings, photographs, and historical reports are housed in the Library of Congress, where they are made available to the public, via the website "Built in America" at http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/collections/habs_haer.

As it turns out, over the years there has been quite a bit of work put into documenting a wide range of historically important vessels, objects, buildings, and landscapes in the United States and its Territories. In addition to the Historic American Engineering Record, Todd specifically mentioned the Historic American Building Survey (HABS), which contains some maritime-related structures, the Historic American Landscape Survey (HALS), and the Depression-era Historic American Merchant Marine Survey (HAMMS) which documented 426 vessels during the brief period the Survey was in existence during the 1930s.

From the website "Built In America" cited above, "The Historic American Buildings Survey (HABS) and the Historic American Engineering Record (HAER) collections are among the largest and most heavily used in the Prints and Photographs Division of the Library of Congress. Since 2000, documentation from the Historic American Landscapes Survey (HALS) has been added to the holdings. The collections document achievements in architecture, engineering, and design in the United States and its territories and provide a comprehensive range of building types and engineering technology.

Administered since 1933 through cooperative agreements with the National Park Service, the Library of Congress, and the private sector, ongoing programs of the National Park Service have recorded America's built environment in multiformat surveys com-

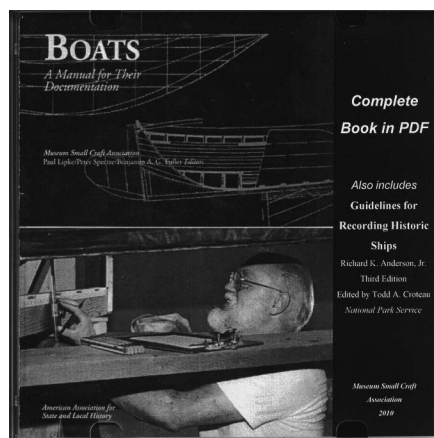


Northwest native Indian canoe form, shaped but not hollowed, discovered on the Hoh River in 1959 and currently displayed outside at the Hurricane Ridge visitors Center, Olympic National Park, Port Angeles, Washington. The holes in the bottom could possibly be for providing the builder a means to easily determine bottom thickness; research continues.

prising more than 556,900 measured drawings, large-format photographs, and written histories for more than 38,600 historic structures and sites dating from Pre-Columbian times to the 20th century."

Todd has been very active in making it possible to use new technologies such as Total Station Survey and the Laser Scanner Survey methodologies to add to the more traditional methods for vessel, small craft and model survey methods. He also introduced the CD manual, and the previously out of print and now available on CD *Guidelines for Recording Historic Ships*, available from the Museum Small Craft Association, summarized the variety of HAER training, internships and student competitions available and illustrated the staggering amount of documentation available at the "Built in America" website.

Boats: A Manual for Their Documentation and Guidelines for Recording Historic Ships CD is available from the Museum Small Craft Association (MSCA) at their website www.museumsmallcraft.org. Image used with permission MSCA.

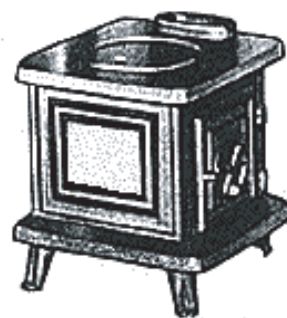


Finally, Harvey Golden, a noted Pacific Northwest skinboat builder and kayaker, presented an overview of his research, replication, and use of the wide range of native traditional and historic small craft used in the Pacific Northwest and more northerly Arctic regions of our world documented at his website <http://traditionalkayaks.com/>. Harvey stores 16 of the boats he has built or acquired in his living room, more in his garage, and another 20 or so in a storage facility nearby. He's also written the comprehensive book *Kayaks of Greenland*, published in 2006 and available through his website.

Columbia River Maritime Museum Executive Director Sam Johnson wrapped up a most interesting conference by rhetorically asking participants "where are the boats?" He presented a flier which could be posted in marinas and shops throughout the region as well as the initial reporting and classification forms to be used by volunteer field workers as boats are found, added to the Museum's list, and documented. These forms are available from Sam Johnson at Johnson@crmm.org or from either Sam or Jeff Smith at (503) 325-2323.

It was clear that Sam's outline of the boat documentation and protection process was a good start towards cooperative accomplishment of these goals, and it was equally clear that he'll need the enthusiastic help of a wide range of museum experts, specialists, and volunteer field workers to accomplish this ambitious venture. The Columbia Maritime Museum Traditional Boats of the Pacific Northwest Conference was an excellent start to beginning this important effort.

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Once underway, Luke and Starr savor the fresh air and the crystalline water in loon country.

"How lovely!" Starr exclaimed as our party of four walked down to our put-in at Grand Lake Matagamon, Maine, in October 2009. Along with guides Rob and Luke, Starr and I breathed in the crisp air, looking at the lake with its sweeping, forest-ringed shore, the trees accented with autumn-tinged color. This eight-and-a-half-mile-long lake, 654' above sea level, is in the northeastern corner of Baxter State Park, a fantastic recreational wilderness occupying more than 200,000 acres of Maine's North Woods. At our backs was Horse Mountain, with a cliff face that swells upward toward the summit of Katahdin, Maine's highest peak. We would be out for five days and four nights to explore this magnificent watery paradise.

Rob had reserved and paid for our campsites in advance, a necessity nowadays at this popular park. When Henry David Thoreau (1817–1862), the naturalist and philosopher of Walden Pond fame, explored this area in 1857, long before fees, paperwork, and rangers, he simply showed up. Thoreau's account of his trip, "The Allegash (sic) and East Branch," was first published posthumously in *The Maine Woods* (Boston, Ticknor and Fields, 1864).

Starr would record her impressions of this expedition in a different way. She had been an artist throughout her life, specializing in landscapes and seascapes. I grasped quickly that she was a Renaissance woman. Perhaps in her late 70s, she presented a striking appearance with white hair, blue eyes, and a lively manner. Starr was a seeker, a woman of the world.

"I speak French," she said when I asked her about herself, "and my daughter was married in Paris. I lived in Morocco for two weeks to work on archaeological digs. On another occasion, I took my art students to Greece to paint. I sold a painting in order to be able to come on this trip." Her summer home is at Roque Bluffs, Maine, on the seacoast, where she incorporates the surf and rocks in her art. During the winter, she retreats from the snow and ice to Washington, DC. This canoeing trip was a natural for Starr, she had brought along her art materials.

As for me (the only other guest) I have followed the canoeing circuit and lifestyle for the last 30 years and have never tired of this addiction. Rob and I have made this fall trip an annual event for the last seven years, choosing a new lake or river system each time. We were anxious to canoe this lake, one that was new to both of us.

"How Lovely!" Canoeing Maine's Grand Lake Matagamon

By Richard E. Winslow III
(For Starr Kopper, who fused her art with the lake, the mountains, and the red maple leaves)



Before embarking upon the trip at Baxter State Park's Matagamon Gate, the law comes first with fees, rules, and regulations.

Fortunately, I have always been able to get time off from work to pursue these dreams. The understanding library director at the Portsmouth Public Library in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has let me arrange my own work schedule in order to join these excursions. For that, I'll always be grateful.

In like manner, the late Bob Bates, an English teacher at Phillips Exeter Academy for about 40 years (and also a personal friend), had been blessed with similar flexibility for his mountaineering expeditions. Giving Bob his most active support, the incumbent academy headmaster always encouraged Bob to join these scientific explorations. The academy administrators were well aware that Bob's contributions as a result of those trips would prove invaluable.

While my trips have not been as strenuous, heroic, or publicized as Bob's, I have always hoped that my published trip accounts including photos, maps, and contacts, would stimulate other canoeists to embark on the same or similar trips.

Since my own health issues had a direct bearing on my decision to join this trip, I'll briefly relate my dilemma (perhaps others have found themselves in a similar fix). I had been dogged with a heart ailment, requiring

hospitalizations as well as a brief stint in a nursing home rehab center. Among the several doctors who treated me, my primary physician and my chief cardiologist had differing opinions. The first doctor basically ordered me off the water. "You need to engage in a less stressful outdoor activity," he informed me, albeit in a kindly manner. "You should take up fly fishing or something like that."

My chief cardiologist, on the other hand, prescribed medication. Being a canoeist himself, he fully sympathized with my reluctance to remain ashore. "Breathe deeply," he said, as he applied a stethoscope first to my back and then to my chest. "Now breathe normally," he continued. He seemed relatively satisfied as he analyzed my situation, adding no cautionary words. Since he showed no alarm, I instantly decided to follow his confident approach. Offering my own opinion, I said I felt my ticker was OK, so I could and would go. When I related this story to Rob and Luke on the trip, they laughed. "Dick," they said, "fly fishing is even more stressful than canoeing!"

Rob was not only my guide but also a close friend. Still in his early 30s, he has a lifetime of outdoor experience. With his upbringing he could hardly have avoided it, his father (still active) and his grandfather were guides. On the upper sleeve of his jacket Rob proudly displayed his Maine Guide patch. From his Machias home base he leads canoeing, kayaking, and bicycling trips. "I could have left Washington County and gone elsewhere, like so many of my high school and college classmates," he said. "But I decided to stay here in my own home county, which has so much to offer with its lakes and rivers."

He found these canoeing trips so much more enjoyable than his occasional jobs as a raft-boat tender for sea-urchin divers. "The money is good, but the work is taxing and demanding," he said. "I had to be constantly alert, awaiting a signal that the diver wants to surface," he added. "Furthermore, I had to keep a sharp eye on the waves to make sure they weren't going to slam our boat against the cliffs."

Luke rounded out our party. He and Rob had grown up together. Also a Maine Guide, Luke specializes in moose and deer hunts. "I worked road construction," Luke said, "and soon realized that I could be more successful with a college education. After graduation from the University of Maine at Machias, I entered the sports equipment field. I worked



Louse (now Thoreau) Island comes into view. Rugged cliffs, slate beaches, and evergreen forests are typical features around the lake.



Well worth a steep climb. The view from Starr's aerie provides an ideal panorama for photography, painting, and sketching.

in two stores in Boulder, Colorado, including a job with well-known mountaineer Gary Neptune, who designs and develops new clothing and hardware and summited Everest in 1983." "I've climbed extensively," he continued, "in Colorado and in Yosemite National Park, including Half Dome and El Capitan." On this particular trip, his tall, angular frame and reach, along with his mountaineering skills, proved invaluable on steep approaches to campsites.



"What? No outboard motors on this trip?" Rob instructs Starr on the basic canoeing strokes and safety procedures.

Starr had not paddled in years, so when our canoes were loaded, Rob gave her a quick paddling lesson on land, coaching her through the basic canoe strokes. Then, with planning and preliminaries behind us, we were off. Luke and Starr led in a 17' Old Town Tripper. Rob and I followed in a 20' Old Town Extra Tripper, an old, stalwart friend from numerous previous trips. By pre-arrangement and choice, Starr and I were both bow people, letting the guides provide the power and steering from their stern seats. In shallow, bony places they would rise from their seats and stand in a slight crouch with a commanding view as they picked their way over, around, and between rocks.

With the first stroke of the paddle, I felt that the worries of the outside world had left me, as if I'd shed a jacket I didn't need. In

the distance was Louse Island, where Henry David Thoreau had stopped for lunch on his 1857 trip. In his honor, the place is now known officially as Thoreau Island. It's private land and camping is not permitted. About 15 or 20 years earlier, I had pitched my tent there for the night with a party planning to go down the East Branch of the Penobscot the next day. That was such a different era, once-available public campsites have now been replaced by the increasing encroachment of privately-owned real estate. Today I saw no sign of activity at the old landing and shrugged it off. I kept glancing instead at a beautiful low-cloud layer in the distance, almost like a mountain ridge against the sky.

We were bent on reaching the Boody Brook Campsite, farther along the southern shore. As we paddled in that direction, with the bright afternoon sun illuminating a hole-in-the-wall slate cliff, the scene was almost too picturesque, even for Starr's drawing pencil. Soon we landed on the flaked-off slate beach. After tying the canoes to tree trunks, we climbed up an easy slope to find a pine-needled blanket stretching in all directions.

Without a moment's hesitation, I decided that Starr should have the best tent site. Atop a knoll, I found a level spot within a pine grove. The view to the north and west overlooked the little harbor below and spread outward across the lake toward the hills. I felt certain that the Native Americans must have utilized this high point as a lookout for hunting, or perhaps even as a sacred ceremonial place. "Come with me, Starr," I said. "I'll lead you up there." We ascended together with her packs. "Lovely, lovely," she said, and in due time she sketched the vista from her stunning aerie.

My tent site below was also spectacular with a drop-off to a marshy shallow bay that was almost cut off by the swing-around, hole-in-the-wall ledge cliff. The bay looked like superb moose habitat, where they almost certainly would come down to drink and to graze on the underwater grasses, their mouths dripping with water as they raised their heads to chew. Experienced hunters and wood-folk recognize this telltale crunching sound long before they see the animal. During our stay there, however, no moose ever appeared, they must have been either camera shy or dining elsewhere, but I was convinced that they would be emerging soon.

After a chilly swim in the twilight, I retreated to my tent and dozed off fighting a case of fatigue or first-day-itis. Next

thing I knew, it was dark and I heard Rob's voice saying softly, "Dick, we have the wine, cheese, and crackers out on the table and the stew is almost ready."

We sat down in our folding canvas chairs before a steaming beef stew with potatoes and carrots, which Rob's wife, Jen, had prepared for this trip. We had accomplished all that we had wanted to do this day. We were comfortably tired, well fed, and ready for our sleeping bags. Then Rob announced, "We'll go on a day trip tomorrow and return here for the night; we'll leave everything in place." I was even happier.

The next morning broke with clouds that eventually lifted to give us full sunshine. Minus our loads, we found it easy to paddle westward. From afar, I noticed a large, roan-colored hummock on the shoreline. At first it looked rather like a barren rock face. A peat bog seemed unlikely. Then Rob solved the mystery. "That's the major landmark on the south shore," he said. "The Diamond Match Company had a sawmill with support buildings here. When they left, they bulldozed and then burned the buildings, leaving that huge pile of sawdust."

We stopped and scrambled up the bank. As we walked around this hillock the size of a football field, our boots sank a couple of inches into the soft chip turf. The smell of resin still vaguely lingered in the air. "This mill is just as important to me," Rob said, "as the rivers and woods. People have to eat, have clothes, and have wood for buildings and other purposes."

As a maritime historian, I immediately thought back to the life and career of William Armstrong Fairburn (1876-1947), the longtime president of the Diamond Match Company. Prior to that job, Fairburn was an eminent naval architect at Bath Iron Works, in Bath, Maine. He also built cargo ships for James J. Hill and E.H. Harriman, two magnates of American industry. He became president of Diamond Match in 1915, when vast forests and nonunion labor allowed profits to soar.

Along with two other homes and an office in New York City, Fairburn, in the 1920s, built a beautiful retreat, "Westways," on Kezar Lake, Maine, with magnificent views toward the White Mountains. Besides the main lodge, there were cabins, a boat-house, bowling alley, tennis courts, and a ball field. During the summer months, he and his company's executives relaxed in that grandiose compound. In his later years, he wrote six volumes of American maritime history,



The hole-in-the-wall cliff at Boody Brook Campsite. Note the high-water mark like a “bathtub ring” staining the cliff face.



Seen from a great distance, the Diamond Match Company sawdust pile serves as a major landmark on the lake’s southern shore.

published under the title of *Merchant Sail*, a series indispensable for my research and that of many others. He died in 1947, when he was still serving as president of his firm.

My other connection with Fairburn’s legacy occurred with a visit a number of years ago to “Westways,” which operated as a top-of-the-line inn during the 1960s and 1970s. On a beautiful summer evening, along with other guests, I enjoyed a drink at the boathouse with the sun dying in the west behind the White Mountains. A splendid dinner followed in the main lodge. With these pleasant memories related to Fairburn, I thought I could half-accept, even justify, the sawdust pile and admire the larger-than-life logging-king-cum-historian who created it. Other individuals might well look upon that heap of waste as an eyesore and an environmental nightmare. Controversial? Yes. But at that moment, whatever my ambiguities about Fairburn and Diamond Match, I was more concerned about giving my cramped legs a good flex.

Within an hour, we were approaching the outlet of Webster Stream, flowing east to empty into the lake. Overhead, a mature bald eagle circled, headed toward the outlet, kept on flying and disappeared. We followed it as we began the paddle upstream. Even from the lake, we could hear the continuous roar of Great Pitch, a distant waterfall upstream. As we navigated the twisting channel, Rob and Luke began poling, working hard against the current that was trying to force the canoes back. We gratefully welcomed the flatwater sections. At last we reached a landing

place. After a hike through uphill brush, we reached an elevated campsite complete with table and lean-to. Below the steep bank, the water roiled with constant swishing sounds as it cascaded downstream toward the lake. Its hum was hypnotic.

This was the exact passage Thoreau had paddled as he headed downstream. Of course, a few rocks had been shifted by ice during the winters, followed by the spring break-ups and the rejuvenation of trees, bushes, and grasses. Generations of wildlife had come and gone. Otherwise, the scene below was exactly as it had been when Thoreau paddled it more than 150 years earlier. I felt far closer to his presence here than at Walden Pond, Cape Cod, or even the West Branch of the Penobscot and Chesuncook Lake, where he has been more or less exploited with interpretive signs, impersonators, tour guides, and related fanfare. True, Thoreau is physically dead, but here he was spiritually alive, present in a different form. “Thoreau paddled this same stretch,” I mused to the others at our picnic table. “Here we are, re-enactors, some 152 years after the event.”

After lunch, we explored the flat areas and then thrashed through the tumbledown trees, thick brush, and tall grass to get back to our canoes. Bear and moose tracks were plentiful in the sandy mud. As we slipped downstream with the current to re-enter the lake, our sternmen no longer needed to use their poles.

After our paddle back to our undisturbed Boody Brook Campsite and a night’s

sleep, we broke camp the next morning. “Our destination today,” Rob said, “is Norway Dam across the lake. Once there, we’ll carry around the dam and follow the meandering ribbon of water.” This plan seemed direct and simple, at least on paper, as that’s what the map indicated.

Once across the lake, we maneuvered into Hay Brook, a channel bordered on both sides by thick forest. We paddled silently, the trees shielding our approach. Our strategy was to enter the swampy bog stealthily in hopes of spotting wildlife. Again, this habitat was perfect for moose, deer, and bear, but none were foolish enough to be standing there on cue.

Ahead was Norway Dam. When we landed, we were surprised to find out that it’s a natural structure, not manmade. Standing on the muddy ground, we could see a 30-yard-long rock garden, which effectively blocked any canoe passage. Exposed in low-water conditions, the rocks were menacing and covered with slime. Beyond this obstacle, the dead water disappeared into the brush, which blocked any long-range sighting.

“It’s not worth it to go on,” said Rob. “We would have to commit to a major portage without any inkling as to what might lie ahead. Perhaps we could do it with high water in the spring, but not now.” I was happy to settle for a chocolate break. Starr instantly grasped the somber beauty of the scene, taking out her drawing materials. The darkening cloudbank was ominous, so she sketched rapidly.

Webster Stream takes a wide turn to accelerate as quick water toward the lake.

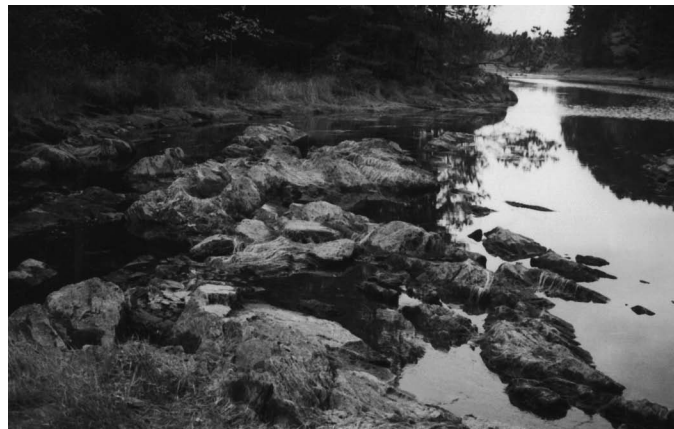


If left alone, beauty lasts forever. As timeless as when Thoreau saw it more than a century and a half ago, Webster Stream empties into the lake.





A bathtub large enough for a giant. Marking the springtime high-water level, the ring stretches continuously for miles around the lake.



"Where are the locks for the dam?" Norway Dam turns out to be a nature-made barrier of bedrock and boulders. At low water, a portage is necessary to avoid a ripped-out canoe bottom.

We retreated in our canoes back along the same Hay Brook channel and pulled off at a thicket. On the brow of a hill, Rob and Luke raised the kitchen tarp, guides seem to enjoy the mechanics of engineering their tarps with canvas, ropes, and knots. The tall pine canopy probably would have shielded us from a torrential downpour, but fortunately the rain never materialized. Any rule of thumb on these matters belies logic. If they erect a tarp in threatening weather, chances are it will not rain. If, on the other hand, they dismiss raising a tarp as a waste of time and a nuisance, the spiteful heavens will let loose with a downpour.



Luke poles in Hay Brook in search of an impromptu pull-off-the-water landing for lunch.

After our lunch, we were soon back on the vast expanse of the lake, which we shared only with the loons. They were ever-present on this trip, swimming, diving, resurfacing, and emitting their eerie cries. "Twelve o'clock," Rob or I would whisper, with a paddle extended to point straight ahead like the hand of a nonexistent clock. This was our verbal directional signal to a loon's location. "Nine o'clock" would direct all eyes to the left, or "three o'clock," to the right. Of course, the mischievous loons paid no attention to our imaginary clock, diving, let's say, at four o'clock and resurfacing at eight o'clock, thus covering underwater four hours in only 15^a seconds.

After the night's stopover at Second Lake Campsite, we continued our circumnavigation of the lake the next day. By mid-morning, Rob spotted a rude landing place, "I think an old logging camp, long abandoned and overgrown, must be in there." We landed to investigate. In the thick undercover and toppled trees we came upon discarded wheels, oil cans, and antifreeze containers. There was even an apple orchard gone wild, with apples on the branches. I picked one and bit into it, green and sour but not bad for taste. Rob and Luke, however, expressed no interest in picking a bushel for an apple pie that night. This ghostly logging camp had served an economic purpose during its heyday, but now it was gradually reverting back to nature. The road access was almost obliterated, swallowed up by new growth. There were no trails, so we had to high-step over branches and downed tree trunks to return to our canoes.

By afternoon, we arrived at Togue Ledge Campsite, strategically located to allow us an easy paddle the next day to our take-out. A tiny landing place provided just enough room to beach the canoes, with a wraparound cliff bluff blocking the way. Outward Bound or National Outdoor Leadership School students would have felt right at home here. Luke's talents as a skilled mountaineer came in handy, as he ascended the cliff around in back. "Give me your hand," he said to Starr and me as he pulled each of us up the cliff. Rob tossed all the packs and gear up to him, one at a time.

Once on top, we surveyed the spread-out campsite, with various trails and clearings and a slope up to a ridge and knolls. I chose a high tent site with a vista of the lake below the cliff.

In the evening, I worked my way down the pine-needle-slick slope toward the firelight, an orange glow with sparks racing upward. Our dinner that night was chicken Alfredo, washed down with the last of the wine. Starr was especially expansive, relating stories about her student days at Ohio's Oberlin College in the early 1950s. In those days, many liberals, her kind of people, delivered lectures on campus. She particularly remembered the visit of Socialist Norman Thomas, then around 70 years old. She also spoke of her ancestors in the arts, among them Mrs William Starr Dana, a botanist who wrote the first wildflower field guide in 1893. Another relative, a mining engineer, wrote a memoir of his life and career.



Dining alfresco under the tarp at Togue Ledge Campsite.

After our meal, Rob casually reached down and came up with a cake. He then lit a candle on it. Luke and I had been tipped off in advance about this little conspiracy, but Starr suspected nothing. We three sang "Happy Birthday" to Starr as she shed a few tears. Her face in the firelight was beautiful with joy as she said, "This has to be about the best birthday I've ever had."

I reflected back on a somewhat similar "last evening" situation faced by the late Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Writing a retirement farewell letter to his fellow justices, Douglas compared his last day on the bench to the last night of a canoe trip. In his view, these occasions were always sad and reflective. Leaving as friends, members of the group probably would go their separate ways and perhaps never see each other again. But unlike Douglas's sentiments, we four embraced the exact opposite idea, pledging to reunite for another fall trip the following year.

The next morning, Starr and I poked our heads through the pine trees high above the lake. She wanted a second look at the panorama over the lake, the same view we had first seen late the previous afternoon when the waning sunlight had left the scene in dull shadow. Now, the lake, the islands, and

the forest were bathed in the early morning light. The red-flame maples shone like fire beside the evergreens. I was transfixed. Starr instantly began sketching. She had seized just the right moment, as these ideal light conditions would change very soon. The sun would climb overhead to beat down harshly, washing out the vivid colors.

As Rob and Luke tended to the cooking chores, Starr and I had a few spare minutes before breakfast. She told me she wanted to show me the yoga “cat and dog” pose, a stretching exercise that undoubtedly has been practiced for thousands of years to limber up tight muscles. We both sought to avoid the stiff back that often occurs on prolonged canoeing or kayaking trips. Demonstrating her agility, Starr sank to her knees on the pine-needled mat. “Here is the cat,” she said, arching her back. “And here’s the dog,” she continued, hunching forward with extended arms into a crouched position. She rocked back and forth, imitating the posture of each animal. Following her example, I performed this ritual a few times and was glad to feel limbered up as we began the day’s work. One learns something new on every canoe trip.

For the final day, our party split up. Luke and Starr would head by a direct route for our original put-in, now our take-out, a full circular trip. Rob and I opted to take a more ambitious paddle, hugging the shoreline and then cutting across the lake to the take-out.

Soon Rob and I approached the Maine High Adventure Boy Scout camp, where we decided to land. Since the camp season was long over, the canoes were racked up for the winter. We spotted one of them, an old aluminum Grumman canoe, a relic from a bygone era with sage advice painted on its hull side: “DON’T DROWN. IT WILL SPOIL YOUR DAY!” As luck would have it, a man, probably in his 40s, was walking down to the landing. He introduced himself as Drew, the caretaker making his rounds, and said he would be glad to escort us on a walking tour of the camp. This place long ago had been a logging settlement named Matagamom. When the Scouts assumed ownership, they retained (and still use) many of the original buildings.

Drew told us that Maine High Adventure was not at all the typical Scout camp. The vast majority of Scout camps are geared to the standard activities and sports in and about their property, baseball, volleyball, tennis, swimming, sailing, and so forth. “Maine High Adventure specializes in trips,” Drew said. “We head for the Allagash Wilderness Waterway, Katahdin, and other prime areas for our expeditions. We set the pattern right at the start. They don’t show up here in vans or buses; instead, our staffers meet them with canoes at the Baxter State Park put-in across the lake. The boys load their canoes with their gear and then, with a staff member, they paddle across to the camp.”

Back on the water after our visit, we headed eastward toward the privately-owned, built-up section of the lake. First we saw a typical 1930s-vintage camp. “Let’s stop and look around,” Rob said. “This is the camp of Edmund Ware Smith (1900–1967).” I was delighted with this unexpected treat, as I knew that Smith had been a highly beloved Maine writer and humorist. He was the author of the *One-Eyed Poacher* books and other hunting and fishing stories. His reputation brought him in contact with various celebrities who sought him out, and sometimes he even showed up unannounced to go on fishing trips. In June 1955, he met up with a fellow fisherman, Dwight D. Eisenhower, then doubling as President of the United States, for fly-fishing on Maine’s Parmachenee Lake and the Magalloway River. In 1960, with other guides, he accompanied Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas down the Allagash River.

Rob and I walked around the camp, which appeared to be relatively untouched since Smith’s death. No one was in residence so we didn’t feel like intruders. On the other hand, we didn’t encounter any old-timers who might have related their firsthand reminiscences of Smith. As a rule, the hospitality of such isolated camp owners is legendary, involving conversation as well as food and drink. Through a window we could see a large writing desk in a spacious living room or den. From the position of the chair, we surmised that Edmund Ware Smith could glance toward the lake as he composed his stories. Perhaps out of respect for his memory, subsequent owners seem to have left his workspace intact.

On the water again, we passed by Thoreau Island and soon landed at the take-out, where Luke and Starr awaited us. After loading the van, we bounced over a bumpy, potholed road ten miles eastward to Camp Wapiti, a sporting camp that has been in this location since 1912. On its own private Davis Pond, Camp Wapiti is at the end of a dirt road a few miles south of the hamlet of Shin Pond. I had stayed at Wapiti the night before our expedition; Rob, Luke, and Starr had arrived the next noon to join me for lunch. Ryan and Jen, the owners, had allowed Starr and me to park our cars there during our trip. At that time, I had made prior arrangements with Jen for another hot lunch to celebrate our return from Grand Lake Matagamom.

“Welcome back,” Jen said. “I see you’ve survived the expedition. I’ll have lunch ready for you in 15 minutes.” During a lull when the gear was being transferred from Rob’s van to our cars, I slipped away to speak with Jen in the lodge. “Is there any chance you might have a birthday cake?” I asked. “Yes,” she said, “I just happen to have half of a frosted cake left from a birthday gathering yesterday.”

Then we all four marched into the lodge, stopping first to admire the massive moose head mounted on the dining-room wall. The trophy was not in the Boone and Crockett Club record category but, as Luke said, “It’s definitely a big moose.” Starr could not let this opportunity escape and soon she had sketched front and side views of the head, as the moose’s glass eyes looking banefully down on us.

For me and, I believe, for most guides and clients, the end of any expedition is not at the canoe take-out or the mountaineering base camp. The true ending is the final meal together in comfort and safety. So our little foursome gathered around the table as we awaited a sumptuous meal. We were not disappointed. Jen produced a magnificent spread, hors d’oeuvres, hot soup, a casserole, salad, vegetables, and dessert, with coffee, tea, and punch. We finished our meal, feeling almost too well fed. Then the grand moment arrived. Jen ducked out and returned with her upraised palm shielding the lighted candle atop the birthday half-cake. Again we sang “Happy Birthday” for the second time in two days. Again we caught Starr totally off guard. Jen served her a large slice.

“How lovely,” Starr said, with a few tears. And how lovely it had been for all of us as well, the expedition, the lake, the campsites, the weather, the loons, the paddling, the companionship, and of course the anticipation of the trip we would be taking together next fall.

Practical Information for Grand Lake Matagamom

For Guide Services:

Rob Scribner, Sunrise Canoe and Kayak, 68 Hoytstown Rd, Machias, ME 04654; (207) 255-3375 (weekdays), toll-free (877) 980-2300 (weekdays); fax: (207) 255-3183; www.sunrisecanoeandkayak.com

Luke Gosselin, MacGoose’s Downeast Maine Guide Service, LLC, PO Box 395, Machias, ME 04654; (207) 255-3440, toll-free (877) 255-3440; www.macgooses.com

For Camp Wapiti:

Ryan and Jennifer Shepard, Camp Wapiti, 28 Waters Rd, Patten, ME 04765; RR1, Box 275, Mt Chase, ME 04765; (207) 528-2485, www.campwapiti.com

For the Boy Scout Camp:

Maine High Adventure, Katahdin Area Council BSA, PO Box 1869, Bangor, ME 04402-1869; toll-free (800) 763-4499, www.mainehighadventure.org

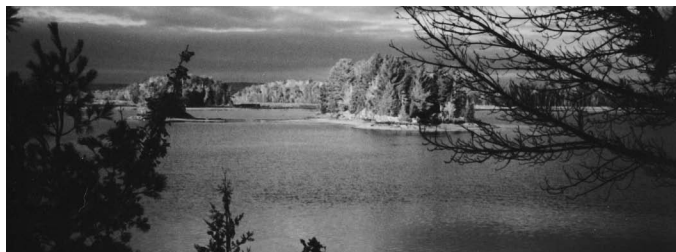
For Starr Kopper’s Maine Artwork:

www.starrkopper.com

Edmund Ware Smith’s summer camp. His writing desk allowed him a magnificent lake view through the center picture window.



A million-dollar view for free. The magnificent vista to the west in the early morning slanting sunlight is worthy of a painting or a photograph.



Solid Waste had become a fine fun boat to waste time and money on as all boats eventually become at some brief or not so brief time in their lives. And we had become somewhat comfortable and trusting of her.

One fine day we were enjoying the delights of Salem Sound and after a little fishing and relaxation we started over to the landing on the end of Village St on the Salem Harbor side of Marblehead. I was going to go ashore for a function of the Marblehead Artillery Company and DJ was going to take the boat back to Beverly and join us later at the cook-out. As we made our way towards the landing DJ was at the wheel and I stood beside him, all was well until we suddenly pitched up to about a 45° heel angle on a calm sea.

I yelled at DJ, "What the hell are you doing?"

"I'm not doing anything," he replied. He cut back the throttle and the boat settled to a normal attitude, a quick check found that no water was coming in and a search around the outside of the hull found no snagged lobster pot lines or any such debris showing. We cautiously advanced the throttle and as we gathered speed all was straight until just before we got up on plane whereupon we were again pitched over violently. Whatever the cause, it did not do it at lower speeds so we made our way slowly towards the landing. I went ashore and DJ left for Beverly and the launching ramp.

As he related to me later, he tried to find out what the problem was by trying various throttle positions and turns on the return trip. At one point he said that during one of the maneuvers he saw a large piece of fiberglass cloth sheathing wash away in the wake. Upon hauling the boat up on the trailer the mystery was solved, a large area of the fiberglass bottom sheathing had become loose and when at rest it lay fair with the hull, but the pressure of water at speed got under it and lifted it away from the hull at which point it formed a flap of such shape that the lift or drag of it pitched the boat up onto one chine, much like an old shoe whose sole had become loose and flapped, all right as long as you stood still but hard to run in.

You may find this hard to believe, but most of my over 20 years in the Army were spent in, dare I say, "fun" pursuits. Of course, every few years I would go off to war and people would try to kill me, but nothing's perfect.

Early in my career I went to Okinawa with a bunch of paratroopers who amused themselves by leaping out of perfectly good airplanes and drifting silently to the ground. We jumped on the island of Okinawa, in Korea, Taiwan, and the Philippines, and it was not just good training, it was fun.

As a young infantry officer, I had a platoon of mortars and antitank recoilless rifles. I took my mortars to the range often and fired up all the ammunition they would let me have. It was fun for everyone and good training. But the antitank guns were a problem. There were no ranges where they could fire until I convinced the Marines to let me use one of their ranges that faced out into the Pacific Ocean.

The range was on a small bay where the water was about 5' deep depending on the tide. The bottom was white sand, the water was clear, and it was beautiful site. But there was nothing to shoot at. I spent some time talking with the Marine range NCOs look-

Adventures in *Solid Waste*

Part 6

By Henry Szostek

Well, there was no mystery as to what to do for the repair. We brought the boat to my back yard and removed the motor and all the gear and emptied all other loose objects. The boat could not be repaired on the trailer or right side up, it had to be upside down and off the trailer, so we gathered our courage and launched it onto the lawn. It was a relief to find that retrieving it back onto the trailer was quite easy, just hook the winch cable on and keep winding and it came back up as nice as you please.

Turning it upside down was the next goal. Imagine a big plywood box with a pointy end and a windshield on top. It was 17' long and about 6' wide with about 2 1/2' of freeboard. We were sure that we could not lift it easily but we found that if we both put our shoulders to it we could roll it up on one side where it would stay by itself. Then with the aid of a few sawhorses and blocking we were able to roll it the next 90° until it was in the upside-down position ready for a new coat of fiberglass.

Anyone who has used polyester resin knows that it does not stick to wood very well, or at least not for very long. Removing the remaining sheathing was as easy as peeling a tangerine, just grab the edge and pull. It all came off without lifting a single splinter on the underlying plywood. With the benefit of a few warm days the bottom dried out well enough for a re-coat. We investigated the possibility of using epoxy resin instead, which does stick well, but at three or four times the cost of polyester resin and with the rumors of toxicity, we decided to go with polyester again and just be very careful to do a good job.

We used one layer of a fairly heavy cloth and made sure that there were no seams across the flow of water and all the edges were bonded onto more fiberglass cloth and it

ran in a continuous piece from bow to stern or maybe it was two continuous pieces joined at the keel to each other. At any rate, it was a good enough job so that it did not fall off again for as long as we used the boat.

The last touch for the job was some bottom paint. As luck would have it, there just happened to be some cans of bottom paint salvaged from an unknown source by an unremembered salvager, in any case we had enough to do the job with some left over and the color even matched. It was old paint but with a little stirring and shaking it went on and dried and looked like it should.

As I write this it is a warm May day in the year 2010, I have lived in this same house since 1950. Stuff comes and some of it goes but some is still here. I sit looking out the shop door and I see that the box that the bottom paint was in is still here. It sits under a pile of ladders, leftover scraps of rain gutter, and bits of sheet metal in a part of the backyard that is sort of an appendix for forgotten stuff, and I paused in the writing to dig down to it and look inside.

There is no bottom paint left but there is a can of XO Rust grey galvanized metal primer that still sounds like paint when you shake it and many cans of Khuls two-part rubber which do not look usable anymore. I judge that the box of paint and stuff has been there for going on 40 years and some day I will get around to cleaning up that part of the yard.

In the meantime, getting back to *Solid Waste*, we thought about what might have caused the failure of the bottom sheathing and traced it back to a landing on Misery Island on the rocky part of the beach between Misery and Little Misery when we came close enough for me to go forward over the bow, but in so doing grounded the bow onto the rocks causing a few cracks in the fiberglass sheathing that with time and use grew into larger cracks and so the failure. This was the scenario that DJ came up with. I do not totally agree with it but have no other explanation. In any case, the repairs held and no great harm was done and she was ready for more adventures.

(To Be Continued)

Messin' About on Okinawa

By Palmer McGrew

ing for ideas. One of them suggested using salvaged 55-gallon drums. But, he said, I'd better anchor them with something or they'd blow away.

What could I find to use for anchors? I decided to check out the salvage yard for more ideas. The NCOs at the salvage yard walked me around looking at prospective anchors but there was nothing that would work except truck batteries. Now don't go getting all huffy. No one cared anything about lead in those days. A few years before we had fired about a jillion tons of lead onto Okinawa while capturing the island and the remnants of that were all around. And don't worry, the batteries aren't still in the bay, as you will soon see.

I borrowed an inflatable boat and an outboard from Special Services. I had my troops tie commo wire around the drums and connect them to the batteries. We loaded them

into the boat and I went out into the bay and dropped the "anchors" overboard, followed by the drums. I would seed the entire bay with targets, come back to land and let my gunners blow them to smithereens. Before long I had the best-trained antitank gunners in the Pacific.

You get the picture. Most of my duty day on the range consisted of messing about on that beautiful little bay in a boat. You ask, why didn't I have my soldiers put the targets out? Are you kidding? I took one of them to manhandle the batteries and barrels while I drove the boat. I was on the way to becoming a dedicated messer. I had grown up in Nebraska where there is, essentially, no surface water. So this was really my first boating experience and I was hooked.

All of this was closely observed by another messer, an Okinawan fisherman. Each time we stopped firing, Papasan would appear in his skinny wooden boat to recover the batteries. He would pop out of someplace before the echo from the last round had died away, and within a minute he had the first battery in his boat. So don't worry about those batteries. They went on to serve the indigenous vehicles on the island for years.

Messing About in Boats, July 2010 – 15

February 8, 2009, dawned balmy in Washington, DC, with a forecast high of 58°, partly sunny and west-northwest winds at 12-25 knots. As a native New Englander, used to ice-hard water in winter and without the funds to head to the Caribbean to sail, I find it a great novelty to sail in February. My neighbor across the back fence was keen to go and *Indefatigable*, on her trailer in the driveway, was ready.

We set out from home at 11:30am with full rations of chocolate bars and chocolate chip cookies and arrived at the Washington Sailing Marina on the Potomac River by 12:15. The marina was already buzzing with a large flock of Lasers, their skippers all in dry suits and gloves and their rigging rattling in the gusty wind. They zipped their boats into the water on little hand-pulled trailers and zoomed off to race around buoys in the basin. Even though it was warm, ominous cumulous clouds were billowing over National Airport just to our north.

About 1pm we eased *Indefatigable*, a 22' Drascombe Longboat Cruiser, away from the dock, fell off downwind under working jib, main, and mizzen and quietly left the Lasers behind. We ghosted south down the narrow buoyed channel on the forested west shore of the Potomac, then reached southeast across the river to find more depth and more wind. After bumping the last few yards across the mudflats which extend three-quarters of the way across the river, we entered the main shipping channel running up the east side of the Potomac and wore off south on a freshening breeze toward Alexandria. A bald eagle hovered overhead as we broke out our sandwiches and our first chocolate bar. At the mid-channel buoy above Alexandria we met an inbound cabin cruiser and the very large *Spirit of Mount Vernon* bringing tourists back from George Washington's house. The passengers in the sun three decks above us screamed, "Hello sailboat!" while down at my level I realized the wind was picking up.

We scudded past the Torpedo Factory in downtown Alexandria about 20 minutes after leaving the dock. This was record time, it can take two brain-frying hours to drift down to Alexandria on a hot summer's day. Now it was so gusty I didn't dare reach in close to the Alexandria docks for a look at the crowds enjoying the warm day on the shore. We continued southwards while I thought about what to do. With the winds gusting off the town it didn't seem wise to approach the massive pylons of the new I-95 bridge just to the south, so we wore off more easterly and jibed to head back up river towards DC. My neighbor handed me a cookie.

I didn't get to finish it. As we headed up, *Indefatigable* grabbed a bite of wind, lay over, and buried her lee rail. The crew scrambled for the high side. We needed to shorten sail, this wasn't even in a gust. I headed her into the wind and handed the tiller to the eager, but novice crew, unclipped the main sheet from the loose footed clew of the mainsail, climbed onto the cabin roof, and fought to gather up the wildly thrashing main, lashing it crudely, sail and gaff, to the mainmast. Under jib and mizzen *Indefatigable* settled down and we began what was now a fight back upriver.

Safe on course, I now turned to deal with another problem. The outboard was acting up and we were going to need it to get across the river and back up the narrow channel against what was now a 25kt headwind.

A Winter's Sail

By Peter Thomas

I tried to start it, but the starter cord wasn't fully retracting. I finally managed to get it going but it died after only a minute. I needed to work on it but had my hands full keeping us on our course up mid-channel. It was also time to further reduce sail, but just to our lee was a long line of rocks, or an old sunken pier running out to the edge of the channel from the eastern shore by the old Navy radar facility and clearly marked by a line of sitting gulls. A moment's inattention and we would drift onto them.

So I concentrated on keeping our course and the crew handed me another cookie. Looking around, I realized that others were struggling with the wind. Some larger sailboats were blasting downwind out of the sailing marina. As we watched, two of them ploughed right up onto the mud at the southern end of the channel. One got off fairly quickly but the other, probably a 30-footer, stayed hard aground, picture perfect under full jib and main but going nowhere.

February 8 was the day just before the full moon and it was dead low tide, so this spot, which is always shallow, was now very shallow. As for us, fighting up the main channel with a bone in our teeth, wind, not depth, was the challenge. We were again being almost overwhelmed by the gusts. The jets coming into National Airport just over our heads were also struggling against the wind. They flew almost sideways on their approach, pointing into the northwest wind. At the last possible moment they pivoted off the wind to touch down on the NNW facing runway. We noticed a large Coast Guard inflatable roaring under the landing pattern into the marina basin and wondered if some of our Laser friends were in trouble.

We finally gained enough sea room north of the shoals to come up into the wind to reef the jib. In the river the wind wasn't able to kick up too much of a chop but the bow was bouncing and the wind was blasting the sail around my ears. This was the first time I've ever needed to reef this jib so I did it wrong. When we fell off to let it fill, it set funny like a mutilated lamb chop. So we did it again, I went back up and managed to get the sheets clipped into the proper grommet and cinched the sail down to the proper place on the luff. When we fell off again, the tiny sail looked great. Now, powered by two tiny sails, we were able to make comfortable headway north. In *Small Boat Journal's* "First Annual Sea Trials of Trailerable Sailing Cruisers" in 1994, they noted for the Drascombe, "we sailed her under jib and jigger when it blew, and she remained upright and steady."

Upright and steady as we were, I realized that the gusts were still gaining strength as we were more exposed to the winds coming across the airport. My original plan was to work upriver just far enough to be able to sail back west to the south end of the channel on the western shore (where the 30-footer remained aground) and then to motor up the length of the channel. Unfortunately, we weren't going to be able to count on the motor. I tried it again. It wouldn't start. I took off the cover and made ineffectual motions with my hands. This seemed to help the starter cord, but when I finally got the motor going it

quickly died again. I had to acknowledge that getting back to the marina without the motor might be an impossible task and began to consider bailout options if we couldn't get home.

We could head south again, past Alexandria, under the bridge and south another mile or so to the Belle Haven Marina. From there we could hitch a ride back to the car. Now with a viable contingency plan, I relaxed a bit and concentrated on Plan B for getting back to our original dock. We would sail north another mile to buoy 7A where the chart showed a narrow northern channel to the marina. If we could make that channel it would put us just below the marina entrance and we could take our chances on tacking up the last eighth of a mile.

So we continued north, making good headway on a close reach. The wind was increasing with each inch of latitude gained and I now felt like the Laser sailors we had seen earlier. The strength of the wind and the competing pressures between the jib at the bow and the mizzen at the stern made her more difficult to handle in the puffs. Like a Laser sailor I was now sailing with the jib sheet uncleated so I could slack off the jib on the puffs and bring it in as they eased to maintain my course.

When we reached the number 7A buoy at the entrance to the westward channel on our chart, the angle of the sun made it clear we were looking at unbroken submerged mudflats. There was no evidence of a channel and with the yawing of the boat and the gusty wind, even if there was we would stray out of it quickly and onto the mud flats. With this door closed and the motor still refusing to run, I again began to think we weren't going to get back to the dock.

In the words of Webb Chiles in *The Open Boat* as he struggled to keep his swamped Drascombe Lugger from being swept onto a reef in the New Hebrides, "When what you're doing is not working, you might as well try something else, no matter how unlikely." After a few more minutes working north, we gave up on that channel and again swung south downriver. Later I realized this was a prudent decision. In the excitement we were using our old copy of the *Guide for Cruising Maryland Waters* (dated 1980-1981), instead of the 2004-2005 version. When we got home I looked carefully at the newer version. The northern channel was no longer indicated. We were right to trust our eyes more than the chart when we could see no channel through solid mud flats.

We decided to try for the wider southern approach again. This was also poorly marked. Once we got across we'd take our chances on working our way north on the more sheltered side of the river. In moments we were again far enough south to tack across. We streaked west, using the grounded 30-footer as a clear marker of the end of the channel. Mud billowed up to starboard as we cut our own channel with the centerboard, with no loss of speed. Four crows flew over in the direction we were headed, the first good omen of the trip.

I pulled the ground tackle out of the lazarette and made sure the anchor line was ready to go. The large Coast Guard inflatable we had seen half an hour before came south down the western channel, passed the stranded yacht without stopping, and blasted off south toward Alexandria. It bolstered my confidence that they didn't think we needed assistance.

When we got within 100 yards of the 30-footer we dropped the hook. After all the excitement and tension of the last hour it was anticlimactic to anchor in less than a fathom of water. I took the main down completely, dropped and secured the jib. We watched the crew of the 30-footer use their tiny outboard inflatable to try to pull free, but their only hope was the rising tide. With our cantankerous motor we were in no position to offer help and I wasn't sure we were going to be able to get up the channel ourselves. There was less wind, but it was coming directly from where we wanted to go. We have tried tacking up this channel unsuccessfully before, it is a narrow straight-sided canal and *Indefatigable*, while swift and graceful in a seaway, is not at her best in tight places.

We decided to use a modified kedge strategy to work up the channel, going up channel as far as the motor would take us, and then when it died, anchoring until it felt like starting again. After the first run we were about an eighth of the way up the channel. Then I remembered the oars, Drascombes are great boats, true hybrid vehicles with sails, motor, and oars. So we rowed the next quarter of the way up the channel. The oars would have taken us home, but unfortunately when my neighbor applied his massive strength to the starboard oar, the oarlock twisted out of its socket and that was that.

As I write this I realize there is a socket to mount an oar on the taffrail, which would have allowed us to scull in. In the Drascombe review they noted that despite oars that were

too short, sculling worked just fine and provided "just the right touch for this tough little boat." But I didn't think of that so we anchored again, waited on the pleasure of the motor and in two more motor-stall-anchor-wait, motor-stall-anchor-wait cycles, we glided into the dock three hours to the minute after setting out. In the words of Webb Chiles, "Papeete I had set out to reach and Papeete it would be, if not today, then perhaps tomorrow."

As we buttoned up the boat and got her ready for the trailer, the 30-footer was finally towed up channel by a 28-footer. Unfortunately they ran aground again 50 yards off the dock in a shallow sticky place we have spent considerable time ourselves over the years. It took another 30 minutes for them to get off and proceed to their slip. Their place on the mud was quickly taken by an incoming 26-footer.

As we backed the trailer into the water we were again suddenly surrounded by the Laser swarm returning to the dock. Like the swarming keys in Harry Potter, the skippers grabbed their baby trailers and vanished as quickly as they had come. *Indefatigable* left the water calm and steady, happy after a good outing. For me it had been more exciting than I had planned. There was never a moment of relaxation from the time we got to Alexandria until we got back to the dock. A couple of times I was really convinced we would not make it back to where we started.

Thinking back on our winter sail, the top priority was to make sure everyone was

wearing life jackets and take no risk that anyone would go in the water. The week before had been frigid, the day before there had been ice on the Potomac and the water was very, very cold. *Indefatigable* had kept us safe and dry even as I battled the nuisances of a bum motor, shallow water, and fierce headwinds. Weather records from National Airport that afternoon recorded winds of 28mph, with gusts from the northwest at 36mph.

On the to-do list: I needed to get the motor serviced. Well it turned out it needed to be replaced. When the mechanic took it apart, the entire lower drive train was seized up and the bill for repair was going to be \$1,200. It appears the previous owner left the motor on the boat in salt water for years. I also needed to get some longer sweep oars and more solid oarlocks in place before the next outing, and next time we are out we'll need to try sculling.

Otherwise the boat was completely up to the conditions and happy to cut her way through the mud or to fight her way up channel under reduced sail. She was happiest going downwind on what was to her a beautiful breeze. It made me realize why Webb Chiles decided to take a Drascombe Lugger around the world. "The sea could strip everything movable from her, toss her around like a toy, fill her with water, and she would patiently survive." There were moments in our sail when it occurred to me that sailing downwind around the world on the deep ocean is a heck of a lot simpler than leaving the National Sailing Marina on a gusty February afternoon and trying to get back the same day.

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We all need to watch the weather reports to know when to go sailing, but then again, you never can trust the weather man, woman, or computer as the case may be. I could only go on this particular Sunday, so the die was cast anyway, but the prediction from Mike Godsey at iwindsurf.com was still a bit strange; either good wind (high teens wind-speed) or nothing. Something in the details of the forecast spoke of a cutoff low, which sounded at first like a new style of slacker pants, but I didn't understand the science enough to clarify the situation.

I decided to try out a spot I hadn't been to for many years, since way back when I was dabbling with windsurfing. My brothers-in-law were expert windsurfers at the time and, like a lot of sports, when it's done by someone skilled it looks a lot easier than it really is. It took me a fair amount of time battling the learning curve to figure out that I wasn't going to get to that point where my body is relaxed hanging from the harness in stiff wind, the board is ripping along jumping wave faces, and if I happen to crash I can let the wind force uphaul the rig again. No, I had to face the fact that I was more of a sit-down, hand on the tiller kind of sailor. But Foster City Lagoon is definitely a nice place to sail a small boat in close but interesting quarters, surrounded by parks and beautiful waterfront houses.

I parked in the lot by the small boat ramp near the shed where windsurfers, kayaks, and paddle boats can be rented. The wind was, shall we say, elsewhere at this point so I wandered over to the rental shed to see what they might think about the weather. It turned out that the woman who runs the franchise, Sue, was a former windsurfer and sailing instructor at Shoreline Lake where I usually try my boat experiments, and we started a long conversation with who-do-you-knows. Her husband, Steve, was less of a conversationalist, but I soon learned that when he did say something it was either very astute or really funny. Also, a young windsurfer friend of theirs, Elliott, was in attendance and he had that wry, understated wit of the young and bored that can help pass the time without extra effort. He had just bought a new 6.0 sail and was hot to try it out, placing his bet on the weather wheel even when the odds were not so good.

So I took up their kind offer of a chair in the shade and kept watch on the wind flag, which moved very little, but at least generally from the right direction (WNW). Occasionally a puff of wind would come across the lagoon, moving slowly like a patch of flat paint across the otherwise shiny water surface, and the flag would reluctantly rise and flap a little. I guess you could say the wind was 0, gusting 4-5 knots.

Fun Without Much Wind

The Twinsail Rig in Foster City Lagoon

By Steve Curtiss
curtoid@sbcglobal.net



About this time a couple of birds showed up on the lawn in front of the shed. One was a crow, apparently a regular in the area, named Leroy, and the other was a pigeon. I don't know why crows keep popping up in my sailing articles, but they seem to know how to get themselves into the print media. Steve said that Leroy was pretty smart and we told stories back and forth about birds for a few minutes. Then Sue opened a bag of tortilla chips and dumped a few on the lawn. The pigeon bobbed and stepped over to the chips in that goofy way that some birds have where their head moves every time their legs move. It doesn't signal intelligence. He began pecking at tiny pieces. Leroy, on the other hand, hopped coolly over to the chips in two bounds and began taking the large ones up one at a time and stacking them. Bear in mind now that these chips are triangular and curved, and he was turning and fitting them very quickly into an even, thin stack. When he got three or four neatly put together, he grasped the stack in his beak and flew them off to some storage spot he used for this and was back in about a minute. The pigeon was still stepping and bobbing and pecking at crumbs (I don't want to say which of these two birds I resemble most of the time in my projects).

The wind by this point was still practically nonexistent, but I was restless and had driven up here to get the boat wet, so I unloaded it and rolled it down to the ramp. Steve casually mentioned the ramp was slippery, and it's a good thing I knew to take his words seriously or I would have made some very painful moves. As it was, I dug each bootie carefully through most of the gooey stuff before I put any weight on it and man-

aged with only a few Laurel and Hardy takes to launch the boat with me in it and the sails up. But there was something odd about how it behaved when I got out into the lagoon.

A minute or so of playing around (I was lucky now the wind was not putting out much force) and I realized the sails were backwards on the masts. Yes, Virginia, there is indeed a way to do almost everything backwards, and the twinsail rig can be put on that way if I'm too relaxed and thinking like a pigeon. Putting it on backwards prevents the rig from tacking properly. Having the Hobie pedal system as both my centerboard and auxiliary engine, however, saved the day as it has on a few other embarrassing days for other reasons, and I just pointed the boat where I wanted and pedaled back in. I didn't say much to the onlookers except I was making "some adjustments" as I put the sails on the right way around.

Back out on the water, I sailed across and around for quite a while in about 3-4 knots of wind, got a nice tour of the lagoon, and then began to head in when one of the "party" boats came up quickly from behind going about 4-5 knots. These are electric power launches, very expensive and privately owned by residents of Foster City, with a refrigerated bar, cushy seats, shade, and happy passengers. I decided to surprise them (most people have never seen a kayak with sails and pedals) and began to pedal vigorously alongside, gradually sheeting in the sails as the Hobie picked up speed and the apparent wind shifted forward. The combination of pedaling and sails is very efficient and pretty soon I was more than keeping even and moving slowly ahead of them, my hull pushing a large bow wave and leaving lots of white water behind.

After I had pedaled along for a ways, all the while realizing how unbelievably out of shape my leg muscles were, I started to wish for some sign of recognition from the launch so I could honorably end the exercise. After what seemed like an awfully long time, I received a toast and an amused smile from a young couple amidships on the launch, and with a few celebratory coughs and wheezes, I backed off my pace and let them go, just in time to prevent the embarrassment of having to request any emergency medical help.

With that good one-minute cardio workout under my belt, I pulled the rig out at the ramp, being careful not to do the electric slide down into the goo, loaded everything up, thanked the group at the rental shed, including Leroy, and headed home. As often happens, I had that warmth inside that comes after an afternoon of sailing, feeling vaguely good about pretty much everything, with perhaps the possible exception of weather forecasters.

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A Thousand Miles from Land

By Halley Hoffman

Reprinted from *Living Aboard*

Cindy, my wife of 26 years, and I are currently in the dreaming/planning stage of re-defining our lives. We'd like to metamorphose from land dwellers into seafarers within five years. Like so many others who have had their plans changed by the economic downturn, we can't help but question the reality of achieving our goal. However, as it was so aptly stated by Henry Ford, "Whether you think that you can or think you can't, you are usually right." It's just a matter of attitude.

From my perspective as an economist working for a major defense contractor, I believe that the worst is not yet over, but I'm the proverbial eternal optimist. I'm committed to our dream, bad economy or not! My wife is a realtor, more of a realist than I am, and has doubts about achieving our goal within the original time frame. Like so many others, we have a large investment in our house and need to sell it at a reasonable price in order to buy into our dream. House prices in our area are down at least 30% from a few years ago, and Cindy believes the current situation will remain the norm for the foreseeable future, which will likely dictate the type and size of our boat purchase. Together we are Mrs. Yin and Mr. Yang.

We have managed to concur on several key milestones that we feel must take place prior to assuming the role of world-traveling vagabonds.

1. We have already started the process of simplifying our lives, selling or giving away "stuff," some of it still in boxes from one of our 11 previous moves.

2. We are rapidly paying down debt and re-evaluating our spending habits.

3. As soon as practicable, our home in central Florida will be for sale at a very competitive price (we are accepting offers now, if there is an interest).

4. We need to train for our future life-style, meaning ASA certification so we can bareboat charter some of the boats we're thinking of living aboard (she likes catamarans and I really don't mind lead bottoms). This milestone is tentatively set for November 2010.

Motivation is needed from time to time when we seem to be losing momentum. Recently, we visited several marinas within driving distance of my work, since it appears that I will have to stay with my current employer for a while longer to collect some retirement benefits. Although my wife says that I'll tire of the commute, I optimistically believe that it's doable for a couple of years. She, being a realtor, has a much easier time of morphing to a new location.

One of the places we visited was the Boat Tree Marina in Sanford, Florida, which I was introduced to through a *Living Aboard* article ("Wouldn't It Be Great," September 2009). Cindy and I were both impressed by the courtesy of the staff, the amenities, which are excellent for a marina in central Florida, and the cleanliness of the marina. I brought the edition of *Living Aboard* that contained

the aforementioned article and the marina staff made a copy for use in their monthly newsletter! I traded my driver's license for a gate key, and we strode down the docks and were greeted by the residents as if we already part of the community. Sadly, I had to return the key so I could legally drive us home.

Also motivating are our overnight and weekend stays in St Augustine, our favorite place to be in Florida (during off-season, that is). There are several B&Bs overlooking Matanzas Bay that provide a great view of City Marina (one of the more expensive marinas on the east coast of Florida), as well as a flotilla of boats whose owners eschew the high cost of a slip and live on the hook. (I think I'd be an eschewer. I'm optimistic, but frugal!) Just seeing how many others have managed to take the plunge is inspirational. We've also discovered and held lengthy discussions with several folks, their homes at anchor in the bay, who have circumnavigated the globe and still regard St Augustine as home port. There could be worse places to live!

Mrs. Yin and I also like to attend boat shows. We come away from each one with myriad ideas, some practical, some not so. We are quite sure the boat we will be purchasing will not have "new" in its description, except to us. However, a few years from now, the new boats that we are currently looking at will no longer be so, ergo it is a good way to research a potential future home (note to self-check with the IRS to see if boat show visit can be written off as house-hunting trip). Did I mention that my wife will not (currently) consider living aboard anything but a catamaran? Mrs. Yin does not like to heel.

Some other motivating things that we've done include chartering a large crewed catamaran in Marsh Harbor, Abacos, for our 25th wedding anniversary last year. Although sailing lessons on the cat were supposed to be an additional cost, the young captain of the vessel let me sail as much as I wanted! Now that was motivational.

We have been buying or borrowing every sailing book and magazine that I think will be of interest to both of us (*Living Aboard* being our favorite periodical, of course!) and watching DVDs and computer downloads of the seafaring adventures of others.

Maybe, just maybe, we will realize our dream, either by fortune or misfortune, sooner than our five-year timeline. I'm an optimist, not a prognosticator. All I know is that Cindy and I have a dream and the wherewithal to stay the course. To quote the British novelist, Joseph Conrad, "The true peace of God begins at any spot a thousand miles from the nearest land." With good fortune, we shall see.



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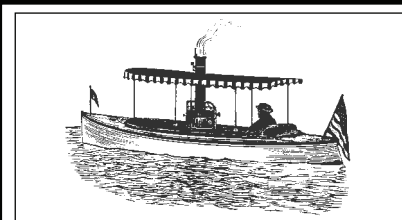
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The full span. THE BRIDGE is on the right.

I'm supposing that spring has come to the inland Northwest. Snowfall has retreated to above 5,000'. Most of the time. Our little 40-slip community club "marina" is in place. Most of it. *Lady Bug* is in the water and ready for summer adventures. Almost ready.

We've already sailed the length and breadth of Diamond Lake a bunch of times. At first, we were the only boat out. But now that fishing season is officially started this past weekend, there will be more traffic. There was one water skier the other day. Even wearing a wet suit, that guy looked pretty cold. After his first fall, he clambered back into the boat and they headed for shore. So I'm figuring this is the best time for a lone sailboat to traverse our 600+ acre lake. It'll be warm soon, and I suspect larger bodies of water will beckon. Something about "elbow room."

Big Ole, the Chevy van, is still outfitted for towing and camping aboard. *Quiet Quigley*, the tire-eating boat trailer is stationed by the driveway, and in most respects ready for another summer's road trip. I did re-remount the spare tire. Again. Maybe this time I can get to it with less disassembly and fuss. In addition to getting constantly larger (more load carrying capacity), that spare has been mounted just about every place I could think of above, below, and alongside. That trailer is a pretty fair statement to the places *Lady Bug* and I have traveled. Like most of us, he has gained his share of weight over the years. He has his souvenirs and little quirks picked up along the way. But all in all, he's ready to "do it again."

Last month I was telling you about how we spent the dog days of summer 2008 all over the place in northern Idaho and all across Washington. Seems like I left off with our departure from Lake Wenatchee, high in the northern Cascades.

Heading west from the Columbia Plateau and into the Cascades, the rise to Lake Wenatchee is really less than 2,000'. While the scenery goes from sage and basalt to pine and basalt to fir, hemlock, spruce, cedar, and granite in a very few miles, the drive and the climb is pretty minimal. It's the westward leg from the Cascade crest down to the salt chuck that seems more like a plummet. The drop to sea level is accomplished in not very many minutes of longitude. And, for an overloaded van beginning his third 100K, towing an overloaded (1,800lbs "dry") sailboat on an overloaded single-axle trailer (another near-

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

You Have to Put Your Hand in the Water

Part 6

By Dan Rogers

ton), this 100-mile trek was punctuated by hot brakes and white knuckles.

We had been interrupted in our first attempt to launch in the Puget Sound area by my brother's final illness the month before. Now, after a random sojourn to lakes such as Idaho's Priest, Spirit, Coeur d'Alene, Fernan, Pend Oreille, and Pend Oreille River impoundments, we were wending our way west through Washington's adequate number of puddles such as Diamond, Loon, Roosevelt, Spokane River estuary, Banks, Williams, Badger, Twin Lakes, Rock, Sprague, and the delightful little Chapman Lake. We breezed pretty much right on by Lake Chelan, didn't launch at Moses Lake, and only stopped to look around for a bit where the highway crosses the Columbia upstream from Wanapum Dam.

It was there at Vantage Ferry, at the western end of the Wanapum bridge, that I met a guy who had both a houseboat similar to *Fiddler's Green*, our houseboat back in San Diego, AND a Ranger 26, the spit-tin' image of *Plum Duff*, my "regular" sailboat back in San Diego And these were the only boats in that wannabe marina there amid the rocks and sage of Lake Wanapum. I thought it was a rather interesting small world coincidence, anyway.

We looked around Cle Elum, Kachees, and ate lunch amid an enormous (and quite deserted) parking lot on the shore of Keechelus, down a winding road from Hyak and in the afternoon shadow of Snoqualmie summit. But like I was saying, the real target at that moment of the Voyage of Discovery was to get *Lady Bug* wet in a place more directly

associated with the North Pacific Ocean.

So down we plummeted from Skykomish and Monroe into the (literally) backwaters of maritime/industrial Everett. Then it was back to our old "favorite," the I-5 corridor for a while. The same I-5 that runs right past our starting point in Chula Vista about 1,500 miles to the south.

In some ways, I grew up on the shores of a little lake, Lake McMurray, where my grandparents had what morphed, over the years, from a one-room fishing cabin into a rambling three-bedroom home. It was still, just barely, daylight as I took the exit to a non-existent town marked on the freeway sign as "Conway." Maybe there once was a Conway. But since I was about eight years old, there had only been tulip fields there. That was, thankfully, still the case in 2008. McMurray sits on a hillside above the Skagit and Stillaguamish estuaries. When I was a boy, I occasionally braved the really-deep, spring fed lake for short swims. But, it was always an extremely cold event.

I parked the rig at the old country store, still there, same old sign, and walked down to the dead end road behind what had once been my kingdom-on-the-lake. The little bushes my grandmother planted about 1960 at the sides of the garage had become huge cypress trees. Otherwise, the old place was pretty much like I left it for the last time in the summer of '69. Just before I went off to boot camp. Nice to know some things are still sort of like you left 'em. Somebody else fishes from the dock and probably rows across that lake now. But, it was good to go back and see that it was all pretty much still there.

I drove around the lake and found the old launching ramp more by feel than recollection. It was by then almost dark and there was no dock. Even though I desperately wanted to get out on Lake McMurray one more time, I settled for my traditional hand in the water and a look around from shore. Not as good as actually getting under way, and even anchoring for the night on MY boyhood lake. But, good enough, I guess.

I read someplace that Washington's Whidbey Island is longer than New York's Long Island. That little factoid gets lost quickly on Washington's populace, that can claim about a half a bazillion islands, long, short, round, and squiggly. However, Whidbey holds a central place in my personal recollection. As a result, I had really NO intention of going there again.

As we've already discussed, anything that doesn't kill you outright can be called an adventure. And, as we have already determined, the major difference between a fairy tale and a bona fide sea story is in the preamble. You know. Instead of, "Once upon a time, there was a beautiful princess," you start out with, "Listen up, guys, this ain't no shit." After that, things follow along on about the same meter and general cadence. Some would say, the overall veracity of the two genres comes real close to a parallel track. However, this is how I remember it. After a space of 43 years, that is.

Being so long, Whidbey Island impounds a lot of tidal water between it and the mainland. Much of this water feels a compelling need to squirt in and out of a rocky cut known as Deception Pass, twice a day. This pass is really just a cleft in the rock formed by prehistoric seismic activity and continuing



The road to Deception Pass Bridge.

tidal erosion. The sides go nearly straight up for hundreds of feet from the swirling water to what amounts to a small mountain's top. An arched steel bridge spans the gorge with the mainland side sort of joining the cliff wall at a very close angle. And that close angle is a central element in the sea story we are about to relate.

Sort of around the corner a bit, the mouth of the Deception Pass maelstrom empties into the Pacific via the Strait of Juan de Fuca, which takes major credit for holding the Olympic Peninsula on the American side apart from Vancouver Island on the Canadian side. This all takes place in front of a rather lovely cobblestone beach known as Rosario Beach. Forty-plus years ago I was picnicking and beach combing on that beach with my high school friends, Mike and Helen, who are still together and still married to this day. Pretty cool huh? I was relating to Mike that particular day, that since about the time I was eight or so I had wanted to climb the cliff alongside Deception Pass up to where the bridge joined the rock wall. From a little kid's perspective looking down from the viewing area, the approach was one of velvety grass and well-manicured gravel. We were wearing tennis shoes, shorts, and T-shirts. Just the thing for a serious ascent, huh?

Long story, just a bit shorter, Mike said, "Sure, let's give it a go." And, we were off down the trail and at the base of this cliff in less time than it takes to come to your senses. What I had "always thought of" as a mellow climb turned out immediately to be boulders and near vertical, and VERY loose shale. The velvety grass was actually scattered spiny shrubs and other "survivor" flora that could cling to a most inhospitable place. Being of an age and gender that knows little fear and

no reasonable ability to change plans once in place, we immediately discovered that we would not be able to follow one another. The loose rock was already doing little avalanches and it got steep real quick.

You probably know somebody who seems to vividly remember bits and pieces of something significant from his past. Parts of the story just don't seem to exist any more. This is one of those. But the parts that I still can summon are pretty good, though.

I do remember thinking that once we got up to where the cliff went completely vertical, and where the bridge was set on one of those enormous caissons, we would just simply put our hands and feet on the cliff and backs to the concrete wall and Spider Man it to the top. Certainly a grand plan, based in complete panic. But as I recall, it seemed doable until we got to the base of the caisson. It had to be 20' from the rock wall. This is where the fast forward button always comes on.

I have this image of our being up on the



The cliff is just as steep as I remember it from 43 years ago!

rim of that caisson under the steel lattice-work that supports a two-lane highway over a very deep gorge. Did you know that those concrete caissons are open at the top and the bottom is way, way down there in the blackness? Well that one was. Probably still is, but you'll have to look at the pictures to see what I mean.

I can neither definitively tell you how we got up on that concrete walled structure with the door-to-China in its bowels, nor can I tell you how we got back to the cliff. I do remember holding on to little bushes and even clumps of grass as we climbed closer to the bridge. My friend, Mike, later became a successful engineer and certainly made a lifestyle out of making more reasonable life choices than I did. That day was certainly a case in point.

He split to the left, following his own tenuous track. I followed finger and toe holds off to the right. He managed to meet the intersection of the bridge rail and the cliff. I found myself quite a ways above the bridge and increasingly unable to move either laterally or back down. My legs and arms had long since begun to palsy with fatigue and certainly panic. My best plan was to continue climbing until I got to the top. That was the entire object in a nutshell. That was until I could hear Mike yelling at me from his perch on the guardrail. Cars are zipping by under his elbow and honking at this fool clinging like a frog to a tree trunk a few dozen feet above them. Yep, I was that fool.

Mike simply talked me off that cliff. "Move your left foot a bit to the side. See if that will hold your weight, etc, etc." The fatigue and the rush of traffic and honking horns are still with me. The feel of each little toe and finger hold is still etched in my hands and feet. And from that day to this, EVERY TIME I cross a high bridge any place, I hyperventilate and picture myself hanging by one hand from the undergirders of that bridge. Every time.

So anyhow, there I was, a couple summers ago, driving in bumper to bumper traffic down a very busy highway that was reduced to two narrow lanes due to construction. This was the day after I had rediscovered Lake McMurray. I had missed my turnoff miles back and was just sort of looking passively for a place to turn around. No such luxury. Just too close New Jersey barriers, narrow lanes, speeding log trucks, and lots of general traffic. I rounded a sharp bend and the sign said "Narrow Bridge." We broke out of the trees and in one blinding flash of recognition I knew right where I was. Yep. Deception Pass bridge.

The choices were very restricted. Stop right there and get flattened by a speeding log truck. Keep going and have my head explode in an acrophobic frenzy.

Well, we kept going. But I did squeeze every drop of water out of Ole's steering wheel. And I did my very, very best not to look down through those open lattice-work railings at the tidal race far below and, more pertinently, at the shale cliffs leading down to that tidal race. That was pretty much like not scratching a mosquito bite. You've just gotta look. And scratch. After that the story gets sort of funny.

This was the summer before I got a GPS for Christmas. Part of the challenge of driving a large rig solo in congested and unfamiliar surroundings is to know when and where to turn. Even if you memorize the major points on the road map, something just isn't gonna look right, when it needs to.

For those of you who don't panic every time you have to cross a bridge, especially, THE bridge, you probably won't know what the big deal is. But at this point I had driven onto an ISLAND. An island with only one exit. Yes. One exit. Back across THE bridge.

And like every good sea story, I'll pause here for effect.

(To Be Continued)

The first place I found to pull over after RE-CROSSING The Bridge. An old but friendly-appearing church. There was a bar across the road. Forgiveness, solace, and company all close at hand.



Messing About in Boats, July 2010 – 21



25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**

Paddling a Bit in Buzzards Bay

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

The wind was supposed to switch around to southwest during the day so Chuck decided we'd head off out of Megansett Harbor downwind on the existing northeasterly still blowing about 12 to 15 knots. The heavy thunderstorms and rain of the earlier part of the morning had departed but the gray overcast and insistent wind kept hanging in there. Yet there were 20 kayaks collected on the beach by the town landing in North Falmouth on Buzzards Bay for the May 12 sea kayak gathering organized by Chuck Wright. "I had hoped more locals would turn out to see what sea kayaking is all about," Chuck mentioned. He was delighted with the turnout but virtually all had come some distance to take part.

When it became apparent that no new people were likely to turn up to see the gathered fleet, we departed towards the south on the wind, paddling in clusters along the coast to round Nye's Neck and into Wild Harbor to stop for lunch there on the beach. About two-and-a-half miles from the beach a small tidal inlet led inland and some of us paddled on in, following Chuck. A turn into a very narrow stream led under a tiny bridge and then down the "rapids" into a tidal pool trapped behind the beach.

On the return the "rapids" created a minor obstacle. It was a laugh because they were just a turbulent spot over some rocks, but it proved impossible to paddle back over them against the current, no water, just wet rocks. So Ken Fink stood there shin deep handing each kayak up over the turbulence, wincing each time one bashed onto a rock. "I hate to see these boats get beat up like this," Ken remarked. Well, it wasn't all that bad, some scratches perhaps. A ridiculous spot, awkward, but totally devoid of risk save to the bottom gel coat or paint on the boats.

Well, the group sort of began to paddle off after lunch back out towards the point of Nye's Neck. No decision had actually been taken to go back or to carry on further down the coast. The trend just sort of set in back towards Megansett. Rounding the point, it was then about a two-mile bash into the teeth of the still insistent northeast wind. No southwester. A short but steep wind chop made it

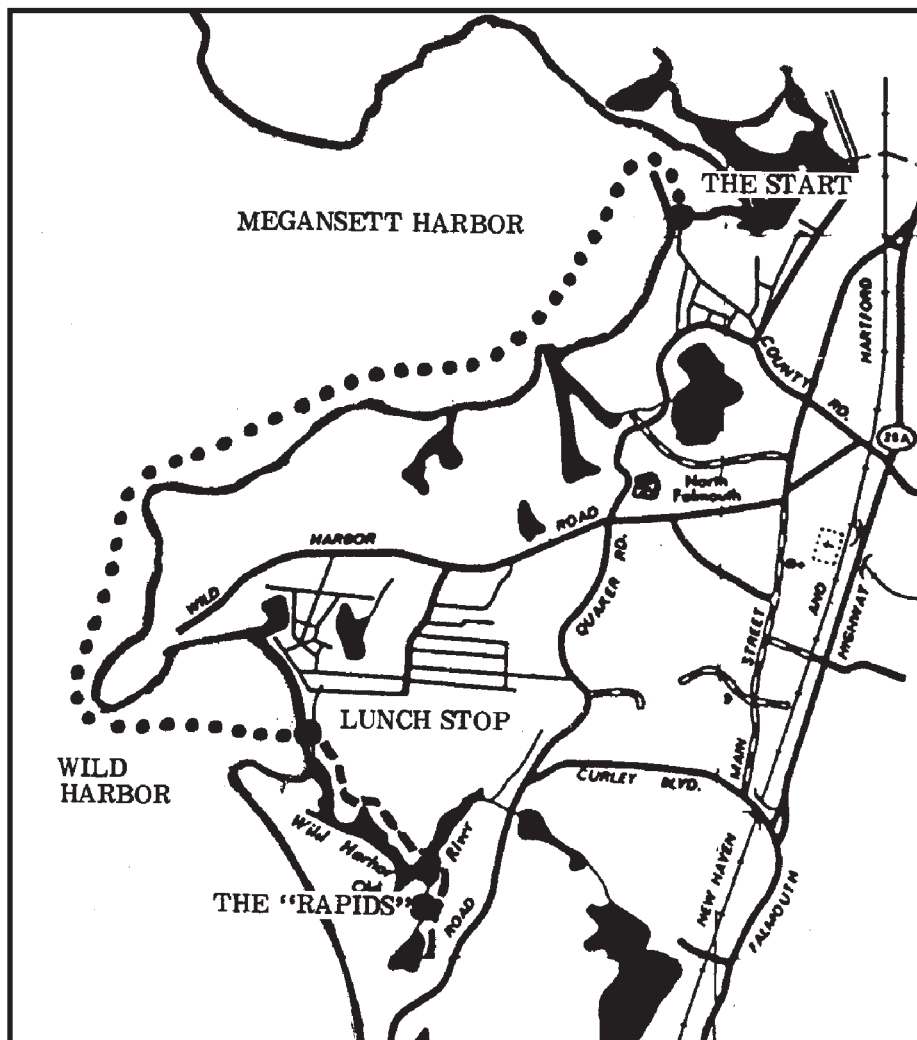
Left, from top: A short trip down the shore: Departure, en route, and LUNCH!


splashy and some doggedness was required of us novices to press on into it, but that's the way it was. A couple of stops en route out on the water to chat up some new arrivals just coming out, but by 2:30 or so we were all back ashore behind the breakwater and I didn't hear any beefing about it being too short a trip from anyone. "I thought they'd be wanting to go further," Chuck commented. He'd planned eight to twelve miles, we did about six counting the funny business in the creek.

Well, for some it was the first outing of the year, for others it was plenty at their novice level of skills. And even Ken Fink was smiling. He's an expert for sure and had come all the way from Maine. "We don't have many chances to come down this way," he explained, "and it was a pleasant outing for us."

Chuck Wright has been leading canoe trips around the Cape Cod area for a number of years and now he's moving on into sea kayaking. This first effort, despite the wind and threatening skies, was well received and surely well supported. Chuck's next trip is on July 14 when he'll lead interested sea kayakers from Quisett Harbor at Woods Hole on out to nearby Naushon Island. Want to go? Call Chuck at (617) 564-4250.

Right from top: The river trip, heading inland, the bridge is spotted, and then "shoot-
ing the rapids!"





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The International Scene

Prosperity returned, slowly, to many shippers. Some even saw profits in the first quarter of the new year, unlike last year's losses. The number of laid-up container ships reached a 14-month low. Several firms ordered new ships, with Evergreen ordering 100 new container ships, but the charter market for bulkers was described as "moody" at one point. The St Lawrence Seaway reported a marked increase (18%) in cargo carried from January to April as compared to the same period last year.

The Dardanelles Strait and Bosphorus carry much tanker traffic from the Black Sea and major pollution is always a threat. Russia proposed eliminating tanker traffic by using two pipelines already under construction between Turkey and Russia. One pipeline would carry high sulphur crude oil while the other would be used for low sulphur stock. Russia proposed a single manager but the Turks prefer separate management systems.

Thin Place and Hard Knocks

Ships collided and allided: In Ecuador at Guaquil, the container ship *CCNI Antartico*, a vessel on its maiden voyage, approached the pier head-on, sideswiped the container ship *Eurus Oslo*, and then knocked over a giant container crane and a dozen stacked containers. The episode can be found on YouTube and damages totaled at least \$1 million US.

Ships ran aground: The smallish geared container ship *Franklin Strait* ran aground at lat 26:33:7N, long 78:46:7W, no, make that lat 26:32:3N, long 78:49:9W. (Whatever! It's close to Freeport in the Bahamas.)

Fire and explosion took a toll: By far the most prominent explosion and fire of the month took place on the mobile offshore drilling unit *Deepsea Horizon* only 44 miles off the Louisiana coast. Eleven died and the resultant massive oil spill and attempts to cap oil flows in 5,000' of water got worldwide attention.

Far less attention was paid to the engine room fire on the containership *Maersk Miami* off Goa (on the west coast of India, its smallest state). The ship needed a tow to Jebel by the tug *Smit Langwai*.

Humans took a beating: In the Gulf of Mexico off Corpus Christi, a Coast Guard helicopter went to the assistance of a crewman of the oil rig supply vessel *Sandra Sino*, who had become entangled in a bight of a mooring line of an oil rig and lost his leg.

An Australian helicopter lifted an ill crewman off the bulkier *Atlantic Bridge* somewhere southwest of Adelaide.

At Durban in South Africa, a taxi carrying 11 workers was hit by a hatchcover being moved by a crane. Injuries to the riders were serious.

At a Shanghai shipyard, fire on the crude-oil tanker *Braveheart* killed three workers and sent six others to a hospital.

A US Coast Guard helicopter medivacced a fisherman suffering from abdominal distress and bleeding from the fishing vessel *Sea Fisher* some 170 miles south of Dutch Harbor, Alaska. (The Coast Guard had just rescued four crewmen from the *FV Northern Belle* in the Gulf of Alaska.)

An Alaskan-based Coast Guard chopper flew 540 miles to rescue five seal hunters who became stranded off the native village of Kotli.

At Whangarei in New Zealand, two crewmen on the TPC *Wellington* were killed and another hospitalized after they entered a hold that held logs.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

In the UK, a 14-year-old sea cadet fell from the rigging of the sail training ship *TS Royalist* and died.

A different type of cadet, this time a potential deck officer, needed helicopter evacuation from the tanker *Eagle Tucson* some 250 miles off the west coast of Ireland. Appendicitis was the cause.

Other events: On southern Lake Huron, a Coast Guard helicopter was training with a small boat from Coast Guard Station Port Huron when things went wrong and the chopper crashed. Its crew of three was able to escape and was picked up by the small boat's crew.

Not terribly far away in distance and time, a single-engined seaplane crashed into a private dock near Detroit on the St Clair River. The crash killed its 80-year-old pilot.

Gray Fleets

While engaged in a joint US-South Korean naval exercise, the back of the Korean frigate *Cheonan* was suddenly broken by an underwater explosion and both halves soon sank, killing 46 of a crew of over 100. South Korea declined to make any accusations but unsubstantiated telephone conversations with North Korea army officers reported that they said the warship was attacked by 13 North Korea commandos who used a small submarine to launch a torpedo and the attack had been sanctioned at the highest levels. The sinking may have been in retaliation for numerous skirmishes over the years, including a firefight last November that left a North Korean patrol boat in flames and killed a sailor.

The US Secretary of Defense wondered out loud whether the nation could really afford to have 11 carrier strike groups for another 30 years when no other country has more than one. An assistant Navy secretary (a subordinate to SecDef) and the admiral in charge of procurement soon replied that the US most certainly did need 11 carrier groups. (SecDef had already slowed the production rate of carriers from one every four years to one every five years.)

Was a US submarine responsible for the sinking of the French trawler *Bugaled Breizh* in the English Channel in 2004? Something certainly pulled that vessel below the surface. The French would like to know the positions of all nuclear attack subs at that time, and British and Dutch submarines participating in international war games in the vicinity have been cleared.

The US Navy has two large hospital ships and the East Coast-based *USNS Comfort* returned from Haiti shortly before the West Coast-based *USNS Mercy* left for Southeast Asia where it and other Navy ships will provide humanitarian and civic assistance.

The first two women to serve on US Navy submarines have been selected and the service wants to identify another 17 by July. (At least six other navies allow women to be part of sub crews.)

While on a navigation training voyage, the Thai frigate *Chao Phraya* hit a reef off Kanagawa Prefecture in Japan and was towed by a US Navy tug to the US naval base

in Yokosuka. It stayed there until a decision could be made about repairs.

The Norwegian Coast Guard redeployed its vessels to cover a larger area of that nation's coast because ash from an erupting Icelandic volcano would have kept rescue helicopters from flying.

HMS Clyde went to the assistance of the 60' British sail yacht *Hollinsclough* that had crashed into a growler (a low-lying chunk of ice) near the Falkland Islands and was leaking badly. The crew of a man, his partner, and two teen-aged daughters were ankle-deep in icy water when the offshore patrol vessel arrived.

The Indian Navy sent some officers to Russia to oversee the refit of the aircraft carrier *Admiral Gorshkov*. It was recently revealed that one officer "had some relations with the other side... a lady." That was about the extent of the news item but do stay tuned for more details about this intriguing investigation.

White Fleets

P&O Cruises appointed its first female master of a cruise ship and she may be the UK's first female cruise ship skipper. She took over the 1,200-passenger *Artemis*, noting that it was her first cruise ship when she started out as a Third Officer in 1989.

In Australia, the *Pacific Dawn* lost all power and steering while departing Brisbane. Its berth was just 700 metres away from a six-lane bridge over the Brisbane River. Two tugs and a cool-headed pilot brought the ship to a standstill 70 meters from the bridge.

In the Gulf of Mexico, passengers on the *Carnival Ecstasy* were knocked about when the ship had to make a sudden maneuver to avoid a large buoy that was adrift and largely submerged and thus undetectable by radar. The injured passengers were treated in the ship's infirmary and orders were placed for replacement dishes.

Passengers on the *Aurora* and *Arcadia*, which are among the world's largest cruise ships, were asked to turn off cabin lights so as to not attract pirates. The ships were traveling through the Gulf of Aden at the time.

And the 700-passenger *Seven Seas Voyager*, on an around-the-world voyage, skipped visits to Mombasa and Zanzibar because of possible pirate attack.

The *Celebrity Eclipse* arrived back at homeport Southampton from Bilbao, Spain, with nearly 2,200 vacationers who had been stranded because air travel in most of Europe had been stopped because of the ash from that Icelandic volcano with the unpronounceable name. (It is spelled Eyjafjallajökull, this has forced me to remember how to create an umlaut, and I have no idea how to pronounce the name.)

A US Coast Guard helicopter plucked a Russian man suffering with pancreatitis and abdominal distress from the *Amsterdam* about 200 miles south of Kodiak.

In the South Pacific, a man died while cruising on the *Sun Princess* and some media reports said the cause of death was tuberculosis. But Queensland medical authorities doubted that and said his death was probably due to another condition, but they told passengers to "check with your family doctor if concerned."

The IMO announced that ships sailing in the Antarctic cannot carry heavy fuel oil as of August 1, 2011. That may make cruises to that region environmentally safer and unreasonably expensive.

Those That Go Back and Forth

In Puget Sound, the crew of the ferry *Spokane* was among those who helped rescue a 62-year-old diver who had suffered some kind of medical emergency. It was the ferry crew's second rescue of a diver in two weeks.

At a holiday resort in Florida, a woman riding a small boat that resembled a personal watercraft suffered a collapsed lung and back injuries after the craft, piloted at speed by her husband, ran into and under a Disney ferry.

For those who keep track of ferry accidents, the Croatian ro-ro ferry *Marco Polo* that ran aground nose-up on Sit Island at 25 knots last October went back into service in May (after repairs, of course).

That Icelandic volcano drastically increased business for ferry companies in Europe. Not helping was that it was the end of the Easter school holiday. Ferry companies put on extra crews, made extra runs, and even received government permission to sail with oversized passenger lists. A spokeswoman for one Irish ferry company summed up the situation thusly, "It's mad busy. It's amazing what one little volcano can do." And the spokesman for another operation simply said, "It's complete bedlam." Unfortunately, the cross-Channel ro-ro passenger ferry *Normandie Express* may have lucked out of some of this lush business when one of its four engines failed and it went out of service for three weeks.

Legal Matters

The company that managed the container ship *Cosco Busan* when it struck a bridge and leaked oil into San Francisco Bay was indicted for obstruction of agency proceedings, making false statements, and more in connection with oil-water hanky panky on the tanker *Lowland Sumida*. Also charged were a superintendent and the second engineer. The chief engineer later pleaded guilty.

The chief engineer of the tanker *Chem Faros* also pleaded guilty to the usual federal charges involving illegal discharges of oily water.

And two European shipping firms were indicted by a US court for violating environmental laws because the crew of their bulkier *Niebla* had failed to maintain an Oil Record Book per the laws.

But adept attorneys for the chief engineer of the tanker *Georgios M* got a jury to agree that the testimony of eight whistleblowers should be ignored, and he was acquitted. He then hinted he might sue his employer, who had paid a \$1 million criminal fine but also cut a deal with the US government to co-operate in the chief's trial. (The employer had also paid his salary of \$14,000 a month, provided lodging and medical care, and paid for his legal fees and numerous visits from Greece by his wife.)

In China, the owners of the ro-ro *Quingjiang No. 8* were indicted for overloading. The ship was designed to carry 12 iron-ore trucks but had 16 trucks on board until two rolled overboard, precipitating a capsizing that left four people dead and ten missing.

Metal-Bashing

In Indonesia at Batam Island, an Indian worker called an Indonesian worker "stupid" and that sparked a race riot that involved most of a shipyard's 5,000-person staff. Four workers were injured and about 12 (possibly 22) vehicles were destroyed.

An ex-Soviet Juliet class diesel powered cruise-missile submarine, K-77, was being dismantled in Providence, Rhode Island,

after a post-Soviet career as a museum, floating restaurant, in a film (Harrison Ford's *K-19: The Widowmaker*), and as a sunken object on the harbor bottom.

Nature

American physicist J. Marvin Herndon has a long ignored theory that the core of the Earth is a five-mile-wide ball of uranium that is fissioning, creating the planet's magnetic field as well as the heat that powers volcanoes and continental plate movements. His theory boldly contradicts the conventional view that the earth's inner core is a huge ball of partially crystallized iron and nickel, slowly cooling and growing as it surrenders heat into a fluid core. If/when Herndon's theory is validated, searchers for energy resources will use totally different methods. A first discovery has already been made beneath the Deccan Traps of India.

Icelandic volcanic ash may supply oceans with a plentiful supply of iron and that may stimulate biological productivity (think "phytoplankton"). Whether the ferrous infusion would be good for Mother Earth has yet to be determined, but researchers set sail to find out.

Since the ash kept planes from flying, deliveries of jet fuel weren't needed since tanks were full and so traders declared force majeure (act of God) on deliveries to the UK.

The jellyfish population exploded off Japan and fishermen got tired of pulling up to 450lb monsters out of their nets. Worse, the venom of one up to 6' Nomura jellyfish can spoil an entire cargo of fish. And other jellyfish explosions decimated fisheries in the Bering and Black Seas.

Will global warming enable easy passage of ships above the world's continents? Russian researchers think not. They predicted that Arctic ice conditions in the northern seas will remain treacherous for many years to come, may worsen in several areas, and are affected by solar and natural cyclical changes at least as much as by manmade greenhouse gasses. Arctic temperatures operate on a 30-50-year period and they are in the warming stage now but may swing into a cold period after 2030.

In Japan, authorities charged the master of Sea Shepherd's anti-whaling vessel *Ady Gil* on five counts including trespassing, carrying a weapon, and causing injury. The skipper had boarded the *Shonan Maru No. 2* at night in Antarctic waters, hoping to present a bill for his lost vessel and arrest the Japanese master. Now the lost sheep faces jail terms of up to 15 years. (The two vessels were playing anti-whaling tag with each other and the *Ady Gill* sank shortly after its bow was torn off in a collision.) Sea Shepherd's founder Paul Watson is now the subject of an international arrest warrant obtained by the Japan Coast Guard.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Various groups tried new tactics against Somali pirates. The Dutch Navy patrolled closer to shore and sent landing craft into known pirates harbors. Hezb al-Islam, a hardline Islamic military group, seized control of some of these haunts and vowed to end piracy. Increasingly, ships have made arrangements for the crew to hide in some cuddly hole (engine room, steering flat, etc) from where they can control movement of the hijacked ship and are safe. Then the marines come a'storming.

Such happened when the Russian operated tanker *Moscow University* was

captured 350 miles off Socatra and the Russian destroyer *Marshall Shaposhnikov* came to the rescue. Its helicopter was fired upon, it returned fire, and then commandos boarded the tanker from a small boat. Results: ship back in the hands of its owner, no ransom paid, crew freed and unharmed, ten pirates captured, one pirate killed, and probably a few glasses of celebratory vodka consumed.

Somali pirate attacks on warships continued. The French supply ship *FS Somme* was attacked for a second time. (The previous attack was on October 7, 2009.) Two skiffs and a mother ship were destroyed. Other pirates attacked the amphibious warship *USS Ashland* and the guided missile destroyer *USS McFaul*, both attacks resulting only in captured pirates and destroyed skiffs. (The *Ashland* set fire to the attacking skiff with only two rounds from its Mk-38 Mod 2 25-mm gun.)

The Turkish-flagged bulkier *Yasin* was suddenly released, perhaps due to technical problems, only two days after its capture.

Far from Somalia, Far East registered tugboats (and their coal-loaded barges) became targets of a somewhat milder form of piracy. Pan United, the owner of the tug *PU-2007*, noted it had deviated from its normal course and was heading for the Philippines or Kelantan and assumed it had been hijacked. It had, but it was found the next day while being renamed *Mega 1*.

Shortly after, the crew of the same company's tug *PU 2402* was robbed by machete-wielding pirates who took cash, a laptop, and a cell phone and left after being onboard for 20 minutes.

Then the *Atlantic 3* towing the barge *Atlantic 5* stopped making routine reports. Pirates had boarded the tug at night and kept the eight crewmen locked up for several days before marooning them on a life raft, from which they were rescued by a Vietnamese warship. The tug itself disappeared into Oriental mystery waters.

Odd Bits

On the St Lawrence River, Canadian authorities tried to stop a small, fast boat "for a violation" but it ran away. Soon it was being chased by vessels of the US Coast Guard, the Border Protection & Customs, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and Ontario Provincial Police. There was a collision and six people were hurt, a US Coast Guard 25-footer had "some pretty big dents," and all four police agencies instituted investigations.

A passing British sailor stopped at the remote atoll of Kanton Island (also known as Canton Island or Abariringa Island and alternatively known as "Mary Island," "Mary Balcourt's Island," or "Swallow Island") about halfway between Fiji and Hawaii. He found 14 adults and ten children living on slim rations because the Kiribati government supply ship hadn't arrived for two months. They were living off coconuts, fish, and whatever was provided by two breadfruit trees. A satphone call to the UK's Falmouth Coastguard triggered assurances that the US Coast Guard at Hawaii would do something. The island has a World War II runway and was a regular refueling stop for pre-war Pan American flying boats. (Eight Russian ham radio operators announced plans to operate from the island between May 22 and June 1 but one wonders how they will get there.)

Staying Alive at Force 5 (and Beyond)!

Report by David Buckman

Photos by Leigh Buckman

Reprinted from *MAIB*, January 1, 1987



(David Buckman is a small boat sailor from New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee. In the early days of *Small Boat Journal*, he wrote a series of articles on camper cruising in a modified 19' Lightning sloop. He and his wife Leigh sailed the Maine coast as well as their home lake in the boat, and learning to cope with high winds was one experience David decided needed discussion also in print. Herewith his remarks on this subject.)

Left: Footing along with a single reefed main and working jib in a fresh breeze.

"It's a basic tenet of small boat sailing that sooner or later, regardless of the skipper's luck, skill, or wisdom, he will encounter upper level winds and their attendant waves. These conditions occur both on the coast and inland on larger lakes. They require a timely and appropriate response from the skipper of the unballasted centerboard sloop.

Despite this inevitability many small boat sailors ignore the need to be prepared for this possibility. The necessary tactics and concomitant equipment are neither complex nor costly. Backed up with reasonable judgment, the small 12' to 20' open centerboard can be kept moving and on its feet in winds and seas of considerable velocity and size, much more so than one might expect. Recognizing this ability and learning to utilize it opens up new realms in the sailing experience, while enhancing the overall safety situation.

Having spent the better part of four decades messing about in a variety of small one-design centerboarders and making serious efforts to keep swimming an option rather

than a necessity, I have developed some procedures and equipment details to deal satisfactorily with winds ranging from Force 5 (17-21 knots) up to Force 8 (40 knots). My most ambitious recent craft was a restored (by me) 19' Lightning sloop which carried friends and family safely along the New England coast from Narragansett Bay to the eastern reaches of Maine, and on Lakes Ontario, Champlain, Winnepesaukee, and others.

This experience has not fostered arrogance or lack of appreciation for the forces of nature, but rather a fuller awareness of its power and a firmly-held desire to avoid the unpleasantness of a capsize. It has freed us from the inhibiting attitude of having to keep home harbor within sight while worrying about a breeze that may blow up because of fear of inability to cope with such conditions. It is still a prudent thing for one to accurately assess one's capabilities and not venture out in marginal conditions. Sometimes, though, the situation is unavoidable. Confronted by unanticipated escalating

wind and waves, decisions made must be timely and correct.

It is important to realize right at the outset that even recently updated weather forecasts may bear little resemblance to the reality out on the water where one might find himself. These forecasts form but a basis for anticipating what might happen in the overall region. A forecast of winds as moderate as 10-15 knots can often be made when gusts will appear at as much as double that velocity. The northerly winds are more prone to this sort of unpredictability here in New England. Learning to self-forecast and identify conditions that promise wind and waves of substance can enhance one's ability to sail successfully in such conditions.

More important than any piece of gear or tactic is a positive mental attitude towards meeting the challenges wind and waves can present. A positive opinion of one's capabilities, even if not entirely anchored in fact, will be an asset when the going gets tough.

The need for structural integrity in your craft is obvious. Sail, hull and rig loading in a strong wind stresses all. Just as important as the major components are the smaller items. Being unable to drop sail because of a jammed halyard or inaccessible control line can lead to trouble just as quickly as failure of a major component. Having a rudder pop off its gudgeons for lack of a rudder stop is an example of a grave situation caused by a minor item. Anything less than a fully operational status for ALL your boat's equipment impairs your ability to meet the challenge, and even come to relish and enjoy high winds under sail.

One need not be a deck ape, but a reasonable state of physical fitness certainly is important in keeping the small open centerboarder on its feet. Handling sails without the aid of winches and maneuvering about on a platform that may itself be moving about quite a bit consumes a lot of energy. When fatigue begins in marginal conditions, the chance of errors in judgment increases dramatically. We have turned in 10 to 14-hour days without problems, and while the average run might be at the 10-hour level, we've done as much as 20 hours, too, by conserving our physical energy by utilizing good judgment and appropriate equipment and tactics early enough.

Implementation of measures to cope with rising wind and waves must be made at first warning. Putting off the decision to reef, drop the headsail, or other tactic for any rationalizations such as, "Don't worry, the harbor's just around the point," or, "This won't last," or "I think that cloud is moving away from us, dear," is clearly violating this Number One Rule of acting early. Yes, you might indeed find yourself soon slatting about maddeningly with little wind, but in the long view it is prudent to gear up early for a ripper before that fresh breeze turns into a blow, something that is a commonplace on our shores.

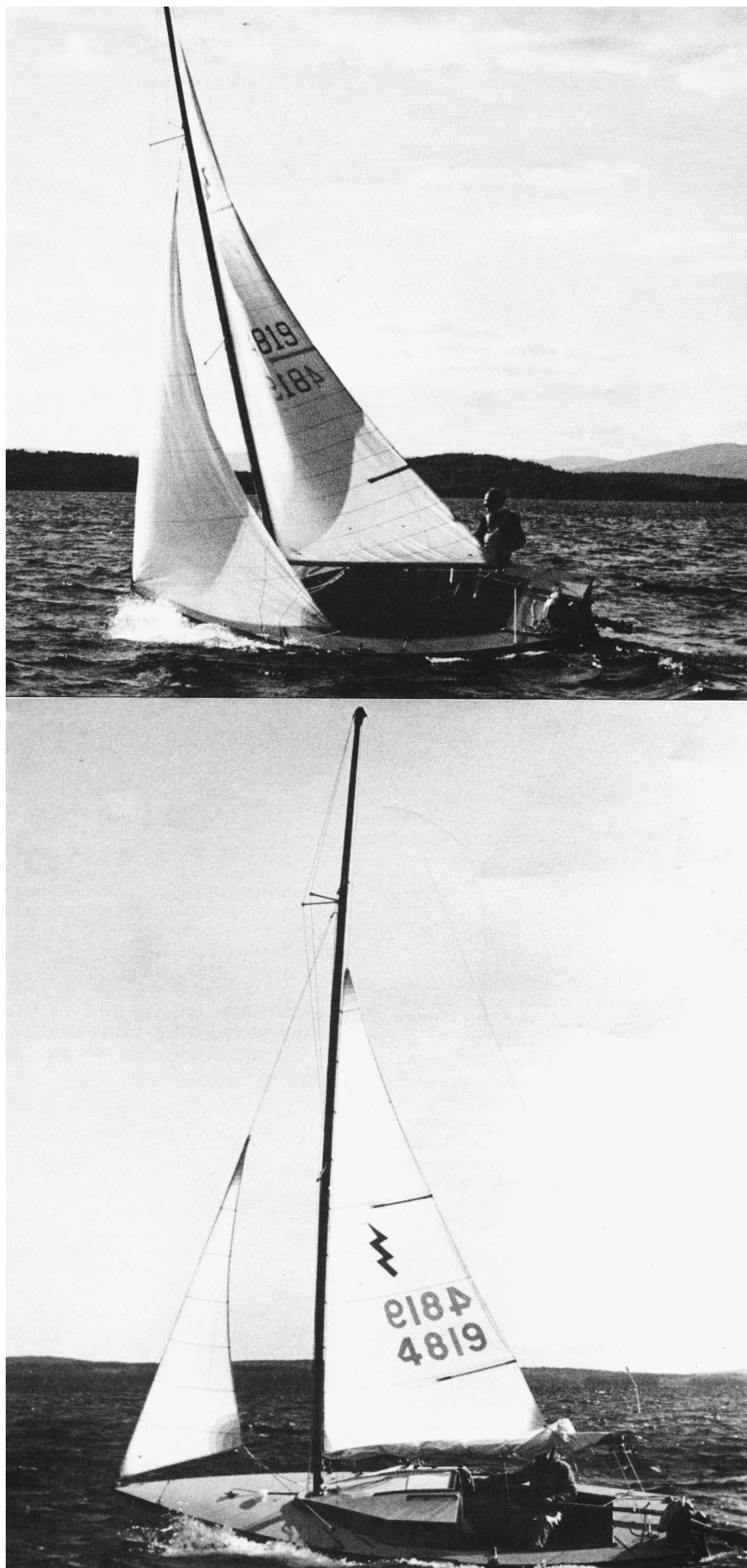
The typical light displacement centerboarder is easily driven so it makes little sense to carry more sail than needed. As the wind rises over 15 knots, most such craft need some alteration to sail trim, ballast (crew location), and helm. Adjusting sail trim is the usual first step.

Reducing sail draft is an early priority and can be accomplished in several ways. A sliding boom gooseneck can be tensioned to tighten the luff and reduce the sail's draft somewhat, moving its center of effort forward as it de-powers it. Tensioning the boom outhaul will further flatten the sail. Using a cunningham, a reef-like cringle located 8" to 12" above the sail's tack will reduce the sail's area some while flattening out most of its draft.

Opening up the slot between the main and jib will assist in de-powering an increasing wind. Widening this space between the leach of the jib and the luff of the main allows

Top right; Time to reduce sail, the genoa/main combination is more sail than needed as the whitecaps start to appear on the lake.

Bottom right: Triple reef main and storm jib provide good windward performance and speed. The 26 sq. ft. jib should be set back closer to the mast for better handling, though.



through a greater volume of air, reducing the pressure exerted on the main. On our Lightning the jib sheets are led through cars on sections of sail track angled aft and outboard on each side deck just abaft the mast. Barber-haulers, devices found on some one-design craft, work on a similar principle, opening up the slot by releasing the jib clew outward somewhat.

Feathering the boat along the edge of the wind while close-hauled will allow spilling off excess wind of the occasional gusts present in blows of moderate scale. This procedure calls for constant vigil on the jib luff to keep the boat pinched up into the wind just enough to note the initial curling of the luff, but avoiding going over into a flogging jib situation. While some rigs handle this edge/sailing well enough, recognizing that it has become necessary should suggest that it is time for de-powering by reefing.

Before going on to reefing (unless conditions clearly demand that) alterations to centerboard trim can sometimes be used effectively to keep under control and moving when the whitecaps are marching by in close-order drill. Raising the board in effect raises the boat's tripping arm, making it less likely to stumble over itself when overpowered. The smaller exposed surface of a partially raised board more easily sloughs off the energy of wind and wave. But too much will have a negative impact, as raising the board moves the sail's center of effort back just when you're trying to move it forward by reducing sail draft. Windward performance suffers as the board is raised, so the compromise position of the board using this tactic has to be determined and noted.

Raising the board entirely on a downwind run in heavy air not only increases speed but helps to moderate the chance of broaching, an occurrence often caused when an unbalanced sail plan (big main, small jib) causes the boat to round up into the wind at substantial speed after a series of increasingly larger yawing arcs. I have found, though, that dropping my Lightning's board 2' or so damps the yawing motion that precipitates the broach as the board slicing through the water stabilizes the boat's direction of travel somewhat. By appropriate board positioning with appropriate sail trim, one can avoid the heavy helm associated with an unbalanced rig.

Luffing the mainsail moderately on a beat or reach is a common way to de-power, while trimming it inboard some from its all-the-way-out position going downwind will reduce its effective exposed area to the following wind. In this instance, one must watch for early warning signs of an impending unintentional gybe, the curling of the leach as the boom starts to lift a bit.

Well, having tried all these refinements and still finding the boat overpowered, one must employ the next line of defense, the major tactic being reefing. While reefing would seem to be a given necessity for these small open centerboarders, it is interesting to find some rigs without any reef points at all on their sails. Even those with reef points are seldom equipped with simple single-line reefing systems to speed up the process.

On our Lightning we use the simple system referred to by some as slab reefing. Forward on the gooseneck is a hook on which the luff reefing cringles can easily be hooked when the main halyard is slacked enough to drop the sail sufficiently. At the clew end, a line runs from the boom up through a cringle,

then back down through a fairlead to a cam cleat on the aft side of the boom. Tensioning this line not only pulls down the reef cringle to the boom but also tightens the outhaul at this new clew location in one move. Each line of reef points has this set-up, a forward reefing cringle and a rear cringle with line and cleat. When reefing down to the second or third line of points, the prior reef points should first be tied off as this then makes it easier later on to shake out the reefs one at a time as the wind moderates.

Reefing points at \$20 to \$30 a row are cost effective heavy air management devices. Our third row was just the two cringles at tack and clew. Our first reef takes the original sail area of 120 square feet down to 96 square feet. Reef number two takes it down to 69 square feet, and number three shrinks it to only 56 square feet, about 50% of the original area, with much, much lower a center of effort to boot.

When reefing seems necessary, it makes sense to reef the main first, rather than dropping the jib, as this will maintain a better balanced rig and better windward performance while moving the center of effort lower. With a double reefed main and the working jib set, our Lightning can be comfortably single-handed with winds in the low 20-knot range. Under double or triple reefed main alone, we have coped with 35-40 knot winds, conditions that produced exciting reaches and runs, although windward performance was a bit soft. A single hander out in this will have to hike out reaching or going to windward, but two or three aboard will not find it necessary.

The standard jib offered with many open centerboarders, a light decksweeper, is not well suited for heavy weather work. The proper jib should be able to be trimmed quite flat and have its clew well off the deck. A hollow roach and foot will enhance its suitability for these conditions. Since being able to cruise despite heavy winds was one of my objectives, a smaller storm jib was called for. Rhode Island sailmaker Ed Thurston fashioned a triple-stitched foil with both hollow roach and foot. Measuring a mere 26 square feet, this heavily reinforced 5oz Dacron sail cost just \$90. It added considerable drive to windward in high winds, and on a reach, too. Going downwind, its small size and flat cut made it hard to keep filled. Used with the double or triple reefed main, it recovered windward performance when winds blew up into the 30-knot range. Because of their small areas in these conditions, both main and jib are handled easily without need for a winch.

Ultimately, dropping sail may be necessary. Here a simple downhaul arrangement for the jib is needed. On our Lightning, we ran a light line from the jib halyard at the peak down the luff through the sail snaps, around a turning block at the forestay fitting on the deck and back to the cockpit within easy reach of skipper or crew. This permits dropping the jib without having to go out on a tossing, slippery foredeck, a safety factor of some significance.

All control lines should lead back to the cockpit within easy reach. On our Lightning they lead to cam cleats backed up by standard bronze cleats. The main and jib halyards in particular need the backup since the load on them can sometimes cause them to creep back through just the cam cleat. Bringing all the lines to the cockpit in turn requires an

organized sheeting system to avoid entanglements of key lines just when you need them.

Any boat equipped with a boom gooseneck that slides on the mast sail track can benefit by having the whole main brought as low as possible while still retaining luff tension. While this may bring the boom uncomfortably low when tacking, the lower center of effort is helpful as the wind rises. If you have a boom vang, keeping little or no tension on it in heavy air allows the boom to lift during gusts, permitting the sail to spill the excess wind more easily, despite rattling some at times. Too much of this, though, can permit the sail to bag out too much, adding undesirable draft and moving the center of effort aft.

The heavy air downwind run is the most demanding point of sail since the typical small headsail, large mainsail configuration contributes to a somewhat unstable directional condition requiring what I term anticipatory helmsmanship. This means learning to sense the boat's next pitch or yaw and applying correctional rudder force to maintain as straight a course as possible. Combining this sense with appropriate sail and centerboard trim minimizes the chances of broaching.

Running free in heavy winds requires keeping the bow from burying itself in the back of a wave you may be overtaking at planing speed. Burying the stem can slow the boat so much that the next oncoming wave could sweep right over the stern and fill the cockpit. Keeping crew weight aft helps to prevent this, as does reducing sail.

Running downwind under working jib alone has some merit. We did a 26-mile downwind run like this on Narragansett Bay and found it provided adequate speed and good control. Care should be taken to avoid the jib collapsing, as it can refill with a snap that will exert considerable force on stitching and rigging.

Finally, under bare poles, this type of boat will make enough speed to offer some steerageway downwind. A moderate amount of centerboard exposed will give it some bite on the water to preserve directional stability.

A downhaul for the jib would obviate the need for this sort of foredeck struggling.



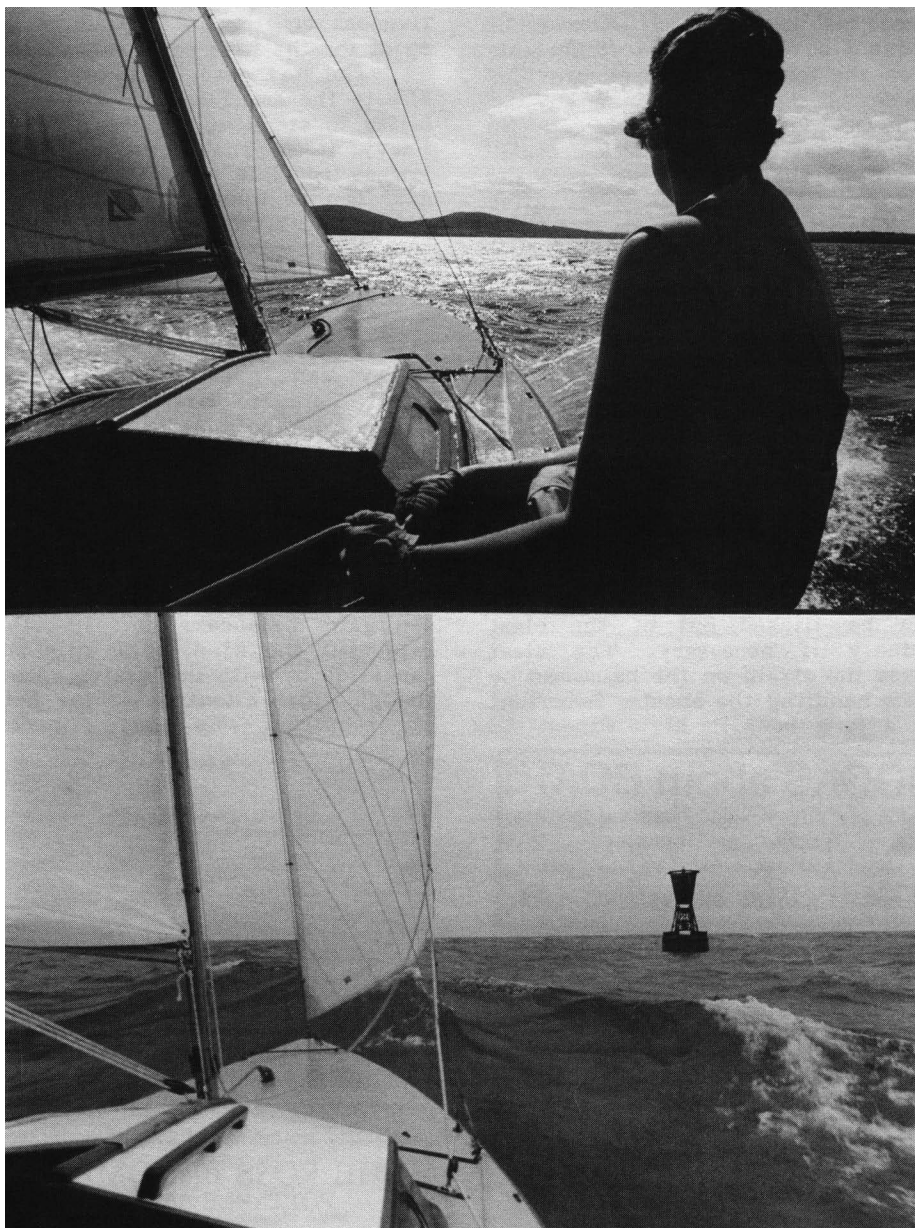
Maintaining boat speed is an important element in successfully dealing with high winds and waves. Once the boat stalls out, she'll not only be difficult to steer, but will be vulnerable to the next oncoming gust of wind laying her over on her beam ends, since the energy cannot be absorbed by the forward motion of the craft. With less momentum in a centerboarder, due to lack of ballast, it is important when tacking in bigger waves or chop to take advantage of the wave action to bring the helm over quickly. Just before beginning the tack, the main should be eased a bit to reduce pressure on it. This helps promote a quick, clean tack and sends the boat onto its new direction with plenty of speed. After completion of the tack, trim in the main again to upshift.

Hiking out, or sailing-on-the-railing, in high winds is a common practice. This not only places the needed ballast where it's best used but also provides a good vantage point from which to pick the path ahead through the oncoming seas. On our Lightning we have fitted fore-and-aft hiking straps for hooking our feet under to apply leverage to make the boat sail flatter and faster. An athwartships strap requires the user to wrap his legs around it, a technique I have found less comfortable than the foothold approach provided by the fore-and-aft arrangement.

Obviously the main and jib sheets must be immediately accessible when the wind builds since the main, in particular, must be luffed to spill gusts at times. When the jib begins to show signs of needing this attention, it's probably time to consider further sail reduction anyway. We have quick-release cam cleats for both sheets. While traditionalists may be uncomfortable with any sort of cleating off of the mainsheet on a boat of this type, my 100% success to date in avoiding capsize has convinced me of their worth. The simplicity of the cleat adds confidence that there'll be no mechanical failure. With the main sheet in hand, cleat taking the strain, as the wind freshens, it can be flicked out of the cleat quickly if necessary. The cleat eases the strain on the helmsman or crew handling the sheets, important on a long haul in high winds. Alertness is still required, being scared a time or two from inattentiveness creates an attitude of respect for the wind's power.

The way gear is stowed aboard affects the small centerboarder's ability to stand up to strong winds. Heavy items should be stored as low as possible amidships. Lighter gear can be tucked up forward under the deck in string hammocks or with shock cords.

Fair sized swells are less of a problem to most small sailboats than are the steep-walled Buzzards Bay or Winnepesaukee type of chop which can greatly hinder boat speed. Going to windward in these, it may be beneficial to drop off the wind a bit, though this decision is made difficult when it adds distance to the dash for shelter. Properly managed, though, these small boats can acquit themselves well in a good sized seaway. The windward leg will be bumpy and wet, but one can gain distance at a respectable rate. Off the wind, a 40-mile run can slide by with impressive speed, though close attention to the helm is required. We have worked through 10' seas and found the buoyant Sparkman & Stevens Lightning design to be manageable, with its performance enhanced by some of the aforementioned tactics.





Top: The ride to windward can be wet but you can get there.

Bottom: It's important in the downwind rush to keep that bow from plowing into the back side of the wave you're overtaking.

Well, an engine is a final alternative tactic. If you have one, firing it up to help claw off a lee shore or to rush to shelter ahead of a storm when the wind direction does not favor you, is an argument in its favor. Since the prop of an outboard can come clear of the water in these conditions, careful throttle control is needed. An often overlooked aspect is to be sure the fuel tanks are topped up before heading out, this can be near impossible to do in a steep seaway.

It is important to recognize that the ultimate responsibility for judgmental error falls on the skipper. This alone is reason enough to take this subject seriously of being prepared to sail in heavy air if you're likely to ever get caught out in it. Others may have to put their lives in peril to correct your mistakes with a rescue attempt.





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How do we make sailing safer? Insist on certificates, buy all the latest gear? Or take a much more old-fashioned view which says that we shouldn't just rely on the capabilities of boats and equipment, but look to the way people use them.

Most accidents highlight the need to work with the limitations of your craft as you experience it, not in the stated capabilities on the constructor's certificate. If there is the possibility of a problem, poor conditions will almost certainly bring the problem to the fore. Any old salt will tell you there reasons for this...

Some days you just shouldn't get up in a morning because the Fates are waiting to be entertained, you just get the feeling that too many things are going to go wrong. You should never, never tempt the Fates, because they love people who put themselves forward in the queue for humiliation by messing about in boats.

This summer myself and two friends were taking a small yacht to Gosport from Helford against strong easterlies. After two days of being shaken and battered around, and with darkness falling, we turned under motor for the shelter of Dartmouth.

"I think things are improving," said one misguided crew member before I could stop him. The Fates heard. And with that, the engine died and we started beating offshore against the still rough sea while the guilty crew member was sentenced to start dismantling the fuel system by torchlight, whilst the Fates tried to get him to drop small items in the bilges and generally damage him. Brave man, he succeeded in beating them off, and we safely made harbour.

Such a small event illustrates that such problems, encouraged by these malicious entities, have the potential to become big problems unless you guard against them. The task is to outwit them by trying to think like them. What could they do to ruin your day? And never draw their attention by being complacent!

My worst brush with the Fates allocated to the boating world helped me come to this conclusion because, when given several options I, without fail, chose the wrong one because I didn't think hard enough about what the Fates might have in store.

Some years ago there was a DCA rally starting at Traeth Bychan on Anglesey. I had had a busy week and had not really prepared anything, but I really wanted to have a sail, so I set out from where I lived in NE Lancashire when I got back from work on the Friday, planning to sleep in my van and be ready for an early start. I had not checked anything on the boat or run the outboard, but it had been OK when I put it away. Hadn't it?

The following morning I tried to set off for Point Lynas. I have the mainsail up and the genoa rolled up using my newly acquired, but old, furling gear. The outboard didn't want to go. Lots of suggestions from fellow sailors, some of which would involve deep water, so I tried some new fuel and it grudgingly started up on one cylinder, then faded.

"OK," I say to a helpful offer, "give me a tow offshore and I'll sort it out later."

Rising Winds

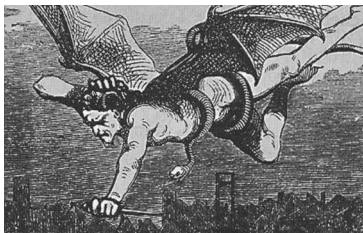
The Fates have heard this and are moving in to check out the potential for mischief. I sail to Cemaes Bay and spend the night there. Some early birds get off before me and the weather forecast is for rising winds: Force 6 later. One member says he is pulling out and goes back to sleep.

With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

The Metaphysical Route to Boat Safety

By Tim Evans

Reprinted from DCA Bulletin #206



A Fate hovering like a malign kestrel.

(Sometimes it is easy to believe that the Fates have got it in for you... because they have! Tim indulges in a little offshore paranoia).

I think, "Well, I'll be around the corner and on my way back to Traeth Bychan before the weather gets worse. I'll be OK." The outboard starts and once clear of the harbour I set off under genoa alone. It is already a bit windy! I always tell people to sail under reefed main rather than just genoa on a small boat, as you can manoeuvre better if you need to, but I am being lazy. I can now roll up the sail without scrambling around on the foredeck if I want to, in theory.

The sea gets rough and confused and it rains. I am hanging onto the boat. I'm not sure I will make the point before the tide turns against me. I can see Amlwch in the distance, should I go in...? Problem is, I will have to get the main up to tack in and I'm running in a confused sea. I'm cold and not thinking clearly and the Fates know this. I press on.

I just get around the point in the worst sea conditions I have sailed *Mollie* in. She is 20', has a steel centreplate and a small cabin, but she seems very small. I can't tell which water is rain and which is spray coming over me and I am getting scared. I can't attempt to get the main up to head in the direction I need to go in, so I decide I will have to motor. I pull the furling line to get rid of the genoa and it runs off the reel and jams. I will have to get the sail down.

Wedging myself in the hatchway, I let go the halyard and pull the sail. It too jams in the block at the top of the mast. I have to leave it and grab the tiller. The Fates are sitting on the mast laughing and ticking off the possibilities. I start the motor and at full throttle the 4hp Johnson pushes the boat forward, but the tide has turned and I am going so, so slowly.

A crab boat is lifting pots in the lee of the point. He comes over and shouts across to see if I am OK.

"Yes," I say, not quite knowing why I am saying this. I continue slowly for a while, the rain falling, the wind howling, and the genoa flogging. The motor is slowing and then it stops. It seems terminal, and I am drifting rapidly towards the Isle of Man. The Fates are laughing. Gotcha, you fool!

But there are also Angels around. Angels also hang around the foolhardy at times, trying to mitigate their attempts at self destruction. They see that I am not too bad. I have already made many promises to a Higher Being about what I will do if I get out of this mess, and I drift up towards the crab boat which has materialised and is pulling pots in a different place, he is pitching so much I can see the prop. "My motor has packed in. Can I have a tow?" I yell, trying to look as calm as possible.

"I'll come back for you!" the skipper yells and heads off. There I am, hanging on amongst the whitecaps, land disappearing in the rain, suddenly aware just how good the boat is in the atrocious conditions. She rides the waves well and even though I have to hang on to avoid being pitched out, she feels like she can ride it out. The crab boat finally appears out of the rain and I am thrown a rope as thick as my wrist. All I can do is tie it around the mast tabernacle and we set off. I am towed through, not over, waves and I just hope my faith in the light ply box structure is well placed.

After what seems like hours we enter the shelter of Traeth Bychan. I'm dropped off near the beach as the water is too shallow for the crabber, but another boat offers a tow which I decline as the Fates make me look even more incompetent by allowing the evil outboard to run immediately. I wave thanks to the crabber, promising to see him later, and run the boat up the beach. It is sunny and calm with children playing. Was I dreaming the maelstrom off the point?

A DCA member appears, glad to find me OK. He has been towed in by the lifeboat after the seas damaged his boat, "Force 7 off the north coast," he says, and runs off to sort his boat.

Another member appears. "We put into Amlwch, it was too bad to go on..."

They had seen where the Fates were leading us. I couldn't have foreseen the possibility of the fibre pulley splitting and jamming the halyard in the mast, but I knew about the malignant outboard which had taken its chance to make my life difficult, and the Fates knew I wasn't prepared for the violent sea which would make repairs to anything impossible.

It is not for nothing that Anglesey has more lifeboats than petrol stations. Some people have always been in tune with the possibilities the Fates see as certainties.

I've sailed *Mollie* in some pretty rough seas since that time, and I have felt confident in her abilities but more aware of my limitations. I try to see what could go wrong and I never sail with a dodgy outboard. I see why the sailors of old were so superstitious. It was just insurance!

Before you set out, try to imagine what the Fates could do to you if you draw their attention... you might put them off.

But I don't really believe any of that stuff... do I?

For More Information About the DCA

Membership Secretary: Tony Nield
40 Grange Ave, Cheadle Hulme,
Cheadle, Cheshire, UK SK85JP
United Kingdom
www.dca.uk.com

Having read recent articles on the dreaded capsize, I would like to add some observations of my own, with the emphasis on helping others to right their boat. Recently I was on rescue duty at my local sailing club high up in the Pennines on water that is famous for being the coldest in England. During the course of the day I assisted in pulling several people out of the water and righting their boats. The wind was about Force 4-5, it was raining and very cold.

Some things to think about whilst in a warm armchair and not hanging out of a plunging boat with ice-cold water trying to find the shortest path to your underwear:

1. Try to use the wind to help, not hinder, the operation.
2. If you see in the eyes of the immersed crew distress or shock, get them out of the water.
3. Wear gloves.
4. Try to smile, don't complain, the people in the water already have a full house of problems.
5. Keep talking, a calm voice can have a lifting effect on anyone who feels a tad wretched.

Bear in mind that if you are called upon to assist mates in a capsize situation you will no doubt be in a dinghy with furled sails, powered with oars and not in a modern RIB with a powerful engine, so everything will take that much longer. The procedure used is as follows:

The capsized boat will be lying on its side with the mast to leeward and at least one member of the crew holding the centre board on the windward side attempting to apply his weight on it in order to bring the boat upright. This is a very energy-sapping procedure and if it is not successful at the first attempt the person should be encouraged to abandon it. They should instead be instructed to stay near

With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

Helping Others Survive a Capsize

By Doug Heslop

Reprinted from DCA Bulletin #206

the boat but not to hang on to it. Now we use the wind to help right it.

Let us assume that the rescuing boat has a crew of two. The person on the oars will turn his boat's stern to the vessel in trouble. The other crew member, having removed the rudder, will position himself in the stern so that he can manhandle the other boat. The man in the stern will take a firm grip on the forestay deck fitting of the immersed boat and explain, to inform the guys in the water, that their boat is going to be turned through 180 degrees (Fig 1).

Painful as it is, the hero holding onto the deck fitting must hold on tight (hence the need for gloves). As soon as the capsized boat has its mast to windward (Fig 2), everyone must move as fast as they can because everything happens in a matter of seconds. It has to, the pressure of the wind is now helping to right the immersed boat.

The stern man works his way hand over hand along the forestay that is, of course, lying under the water. He must not slide

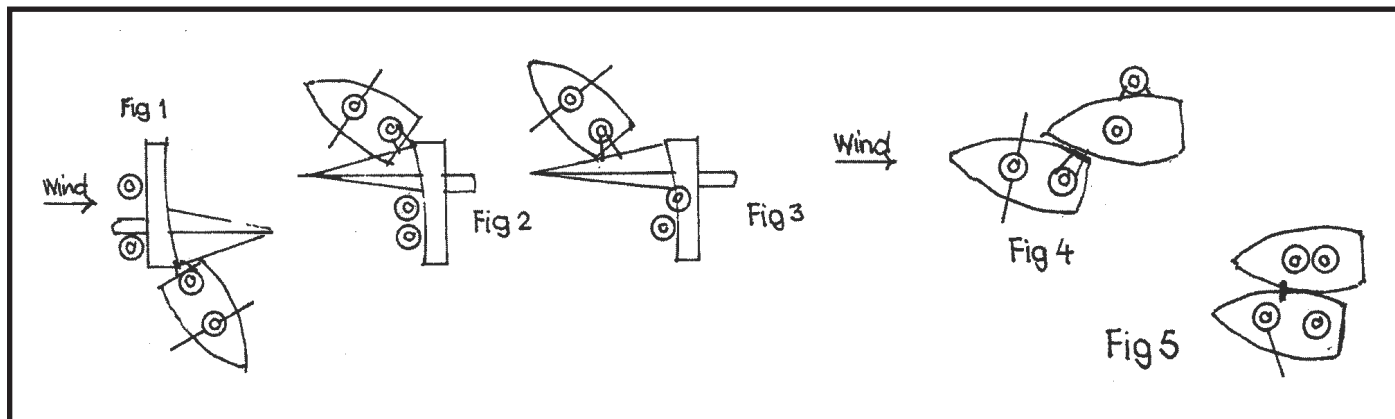
his hand along the forestay in case there is a loose wire strand (Fig 3). The man on the oars will be rowing slowly away upwind and stop when the stern man has got about a yard along the wire. The man on the oars will now, in a loud voice, tell the swimmers that one of them should make himself ready to swim into the immersed boat. The stern man should lift the forestay up a foot or so, then the instruction to swim into the immersed boat is given. The stern man transfers his grip onto the shroud and carries on lifting. The remaining man in the water is asked to swim round to the opposite side to the rescue boat and pull down on the gunwale to assist in righting the boat. The oarsman pulls the boat gently back into the wind and the stern man gives one last heave on the shroud and then the gunwale.

The boat is now upright and both boats should be close together facing into the wind (Fig 4). The stern man quickly makes a stop out of the nearest rope and wraps it round the shroud of the other boat and heaves on it so that both boats are locked together. This is the time for the second crew member, with the assistance of his pal, to get on board (Fig 5).

Phew!!

For More Information About the DCA

Membership Secretary: Tony Nield
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Camping, as the canoeist understands the term, includes sleeping in tents pitched on shore or erected on the canoes when dragged ashore or moored afloat. A fixed camp is one in which the tents are left erected in one place for some days; under these circumstances, of course, greater luxury is possible than with the movable camp, where the tents are struck and re-erected in a fresh place every day or two, in which case as light a tent and as few impedimenta as possible are taken. Various patterns of tent are in use, such as the Mersey, the Clyde, the Bell, the Marquee, etc., each having some advantage under varying circumstances. The little tents, with their ground sheets, poles, flies, and so forth, pack up into remarkably little space; a tent with plenty of room and comfort for two can be readily stowed away in a small canoe.

A large amount of quite uncalled for sympathy is expended upon campers out, who are supposed to be suffering great exposure and hardship. On the contrary, however, camp life is most comfortable. The little tents, if properly pitched, are dry inside, however it may rain, and when shut up become warm and cosy even on frosty nights. Nobody catches colds or sore throats when camping. It is really remarkable how slight susceptibility to colds there is during camping, even with individuals who are martyrs to these torments in civilized life; and it is equally notorious that a cold taken to the camp vanishes with a rapidity such as coddling and gruel at home could never insure. In the tents campers sleep, cook, and feed during their cruises; although, when the weather is fine, much of the cooking and eating takes place out of doors.

The science of camping requires study and practice; the beginner loads himself up with unnecessary things and always forgets the indispensable articles; the old campaigner learns and invents dodges for economising room and weight, he never forgets the salt or his toothbrush. To camp satisfactorily, it is well to think over, some time beforehand, the things that may be required, and to make a list of everything that can be done with; a day or two before the cruise this list should be examined and everything crossed out that can be done without.

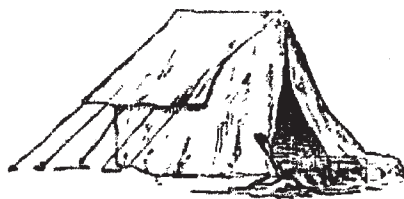
In America, where there is more fire-wood and freedom than in this country, the cooking is generally done over campfires of wood; here, ingenious little spirit cuisines are used, those in most request being the Mersey, the Irene, and the Boddington.

Life in camp, when several choice spirits are gathered together, is a round of interest and pleasure, from the early breakfast to the singsong last thing at night, and is thoroughly health-giving from the morning plunge and swim to the soothing pipe round the campfire before turning in. And one's appetite in camp is enormous! Certainly such an appetite is often required, when one reflects that the cooking is done entirely by the men themselves, and wonderful results some of them turn out. However, hunger is the best sauce, and practice enables surprisingly good dishes to be prepared.

The man who spoiled the simple kipper on the Monday and whose attempt at a stew resulted in a nasty mess, may turn out a creditable five-course dinner before the end of the week. Tin meats are a great boon to the camper; eggs, bacon, milk, and a raw egg beaten up together with a suspicion of Scotch whiskey added thereto, Snark's broth is very acceptable in the early morning and when the

Camping Out

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*
Journal of the Historic
Canoe & Kayak Association



We're out on a tear to get fresh air,
And keep our livers healthy;
We rise ere breakfast every morn,
To make us wise and wealthy.
We wear old clothes and know no woes
Of irksome civilization;
We carry a grease spot on our pants,
As a badge of emancipation

Chorus

Then shake old pard, our palms are hard,
Our faces and hands are brown;
We don't look gay in our camp array,
But we're mashers when in town.

Now you who dress in fine array,
And board at big hotels,
Who eat off china every day,
And pose as howling swells
And never have an appetite
That's not produced by bitters
Just gaze on us and gnash your teeth,
You miserable critters!

Chorus

Then shake old pard, our palms are hard,
Our faces and hands are brown;
We don't look gay in our camp array,
But we're mashers when in town.

sing-song was a little too long and boisterous the night before, or a pipeful too much was smoked before turning in. It also strengthens the courage for the early dip and has a reputation as a pick-me-up after a fatiguing day or some extra exertion or exposure. For sustenance during labour, however, it cannot in our opinion compare with tea, hot if possible, if not, cold with a dash of lemon juice added.

There is always plenty to do in camp and the time, when one is not sailing, is thoroughly employed with cooking, feeding, tidying up the tent and canoe, drying things, and washing up. When two men occupy a tent together, the duties are usually divided; one is the best cook, the other attends to the tent, to foraging, and to the unpopular duty of washing up.

During camping is a good time to grow the beards and moustaches one cannot start at home on account of the ridicule their early stages attract.

It is difficult to relinquish the free gypsy life when the time comes to return to the office, the shop or the pulpit, or the "bar and its moaning." Collars and leather boots are the necessities of city life which are perhaps the most irksome to renew, but the top hat and the razor run them close in unpopularity. For the costume in camp is peculiar. Old clothes are worn out, and men, of irreproachable exteriors at home, often resemble brigands or scarecrows in camp.

There are many popular camping grounds where, in summer, tents and campers-out may generally be found all through the season. Several such exist on the Thames; and for the Mersey and its neighbourhood, a very popular resort for this purpose is Hilbre Island at the mouth of the estuary of the Dee. As this is a favourite camping place for the second canoe club of Great Britain, the Mersey Canoe Club, we will devote a little attention to it. Hilbre, although somewhat difficult of access, is an admirable boating station and compares in this respect favourably with Hoylake, which is silting up year by year and only allows of three or four hours' sailing on the tide.

Hilbre is only an island part of the time; for a considerable portion of each day the tide leaves a waste of sand between Hilbre and the Cheshire shore and permits one to walk or ride over from West Kirby or Hoylake. However, there is always water at the north end of the island to permit sailing in the Hilbre Swash. The island was formerly a coast guard station but for this purpose it was given up by the Admiralty, who sold it to the Mersey Dock Board. This Association keeps a lookout, a lifeboat, and a telegraph station on the island and has other buildings in which buoys and other marine appliances used to be stored.

Some years ago Mr Brandreth, the philanthropist who benefits mankind with pills and plasters, rented some of these buildings and used to reside there with his family. He kept boats so that communication with ships and civilization was possible whether the tide was up or not and, in general, he behaved like a small king, a sort of Robinson Crusoe, with the solitude modified by a wife and children, and monarch of all he surveyed so long as he kept to the south end of the island and did not interfere with the Dock Board officials and their preserves. One of his boats is still at the island and goes by the name of the *Pillbox*, out of compliment to its former owner under whom, however, it had a more nautical title.

After some time Mr Brandreth had a difference with his landlords, the Dock Board, and during the negotiations a few boating men, who had coveted the house as a boating station, secured it and founded the Hilbre Island Club, consisting of about a dozen bachelors. When a member commits the crime of matrimony it is tantamount to resignation; as far as the Hilbre Island Club is concerned, he might just as well go away and die, except that after the former calamity he may be welcome as a visitor, which would scarcely be the case in the latter eventuality.

The Mersey Canoe Club rents a large shed, originally used for the storage of buoys; this shed has been fitted up with conveniences for camp life, ships' bunks have been put up and hammocks are slung from the beams from which other buoys have hung before. There is a good cooking stove and plates, knives, forks, spoons, dishes, etc., are to hand so that the club has a flourishing camping station. Many canoeists spend bank holidays and weekends at the island, and some keep their boats here altogether, for the tide is not here such a terror as in the Mersey; while smoke, dust, and soot do not soil sails and gear and ferry boats trouble not. Camping out at Hilbre has locally the title of "Firk-ing" applied to it, and the Hilbre Island Club are respected far and wide as the "Firkers." The origin of the term I know not.

Camping out is not, as some have suggested, merely another term for loafing; hard

work is often necessary to its enjoyment, and the idler who shirks his share of the duties, while taking advantage of the results, is soon detected and admonished. Camping out does include some loafing; it would not be the holiday it is otherwise.

Camping may be defined as an outdoor sport, consisting of living on one's own resources in the open air away from centres of civilization. The flavour of camping may be more prominently gypsy or nautical. The sport is pursued in unconventional attire; there is no uniform proper thereto, but the clothes are generally old and shabby. Camping out includes some idling and smoking; some wandering about the country; some cooking, tent pitching, foraging, chopping firewood; some exploring and sightseeing, and a good deal of eating and healthy out-of-doors existence. Common, but not necessary, factors are rowing, sailing, fishing, shrimping, botanizing, photography, tennis, cricket, and other games; carpentering at boats or furniture, banjo playing, singing, and other music, and so on.

Camping requires a healthy constitution to thoroughly enjoy it; but the bilious, the sickly, or the overworked cannot spend many hours out in the weather engaged in the less laborious branches of the art without becoming sounder and better men and enthusiastic campers. Once a camper always a camper; once catch the disease and other forms of sport lose their charms. Business or family cares may prevent indulgence in the life, but the longing will be there.

Sometimes when the boys are holding a few days' camp, a stouter and more bald-headed one than the rest will turn up one day among them, and it is whispered from one to the other that this was a gallant camper in the brave days of old. He is less active than he used to be, he perspires over what he does more than in the past; but the spirit is willing, however weak the flesh. Perhaps he has told the wife he was going to spend the day with a sick friend or some similar evasion, for he is more careful of his clothes than he used to be, and before dark he has gone. 'Tis the camper of old, re-visiting the scenes of a sport he is no longer able to indulge in. As a letter from home to the exile, or the sound of cowbells to the Swiss peasant in a foreign land, so is the sight of his cooking cuisine, or of old clothes which he cannot wear out, to the camper who cannot "get off."

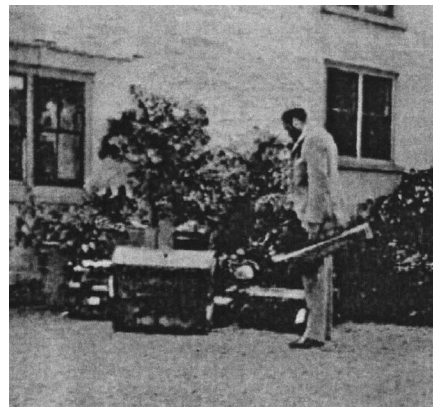
The married man, at any rate for a few years after the catastrophe, is ruined as a canoeist and camper out unless he has fortunately happened upon a mate of similar tastes. "Canoeing and camping are both

so very dangerous," says the bride, "all my friends say so, and dear mamma said she was sure you would give them up now." Many a good canoeist have we known to brave the breeze in safety, but to go down before the curtain lecture.

However, thanks be, many of them return to us anon! If the young husband be allowed to come to camp at all, it is in a half-bred manner. A few wives there are who camp out with their worse halves, or insist on them spending a large part of their time in camp; but most married couples go to hotels or apartments and visit the camp occasionally, being rowed over in a barge, or driven across in a growler.

A canoeist of our acquaintance had been married a short time previous to one of our meets. On former occasions, when going for a holiday, he had been accustomed to take his luggage and blankets in a rubber bag and his bed and lodgings in a tin box; he generally forgot his toothbrush and had to run back for it and bring it in his vest pocket along with some postcards and a pipe. On this occasion he had to pack days before, and write for rooms, and send a deposit, and give references, and all that sort of thing. Happening to call on him, we found him on the porch, contemplating in speechless misery the amount of luggage a married man requires. We took a detective photograph of him at this moment as a warning to other campers, and to be issued to the various Canoe Clubs in leaflet form for distribution, with underneath *Punch's* advice to those about to marry, "don't."

Men who have camped together become very attached to one another. In the camp all classes and ages amalgamate; to be a canoeist and a gentleman is all the qualification requires. The liveliest and best of camp-



The joys of matrimony.

ers are not always the younger men, and the most popular may hold the lowest social position elsewhere. The freedom from artificial restraints, the mutual help required and given, the rough gypsy existence, remove all distinctions of age and rank. The enthusiastic camper is always young and jolly. Oliver Wendell Holmes voices the condition of affairs when he writes:

"The Boys"

"Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?

If there has, take him out without making: a noise!

Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!

Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more!

He's tipsy-young Jackanapes! Show him the door!

"Grey temples at twenty"? Yes! White if we please

Where the snow-flakes fall thickest, there's nothing can freeze

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were old;

That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"

It's a neat little fiction, of course its all fudge,

That fellow's the "Speaker", the one on the right;

"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?

That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;

There's the "Reverend" What's his name? Don't make me laugh.

Yes, we're the boys, always playing with tongue or with pen,

And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be men?

Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,

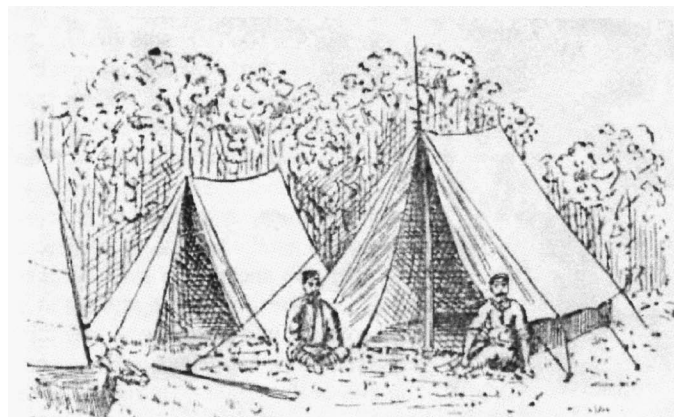
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away;

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its grey!

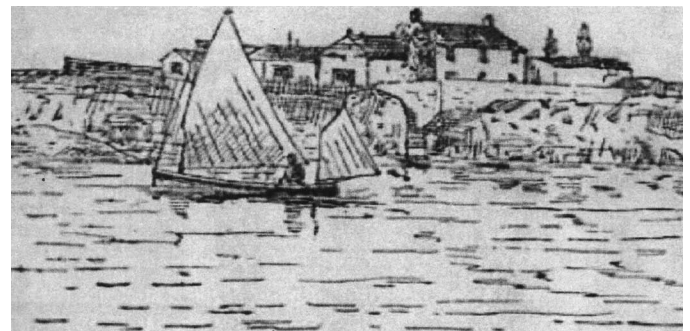
The stars of its Winter, the dews of its May!

And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,

Dear Father, take care of Thy children, the Boys."



At Hilbre Island.





Gone

By Dave Lucas

How do you get rid of an old, worn-out sailboat? You should have been there to see this. A 6000lb MacWester 26, twin keels, massive hull. Took it to the dump, no engine or fuel tanks, and for the standard fee of \$36 per ton they took care of it. I don't know what we were expecting but certainly not this. They grabbed it with this monster machine, dragged it off the trailer, crunched it up, and dumped it onto the pile. All in less than a minute!!!

This was a 50-year-old hull with no redeeming features. We pulled the engine and any good hardware (not much). Fixing it up to use or sell was not an option, you can buy um in good sailing shape for way, way less than it would cost to fix this one up. The interior was a horror story.



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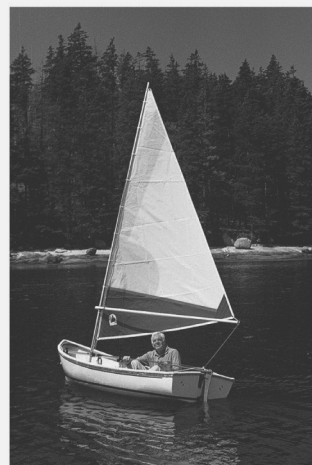
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The old saw about the only difference between men and boys is the size of their toys doesn't hold true when it comes to boats. Like many, I built models growing up, some from kits, some from scrap wood which had unique sailing characteristics, provided they floated long enough to demonstrate them. My boats got bigger as I got older. My first "real" boat was a 32' very used former charter boat which also served as my home for a couple of years. Over the years my boats have gotten progressively smaller but no less enjoyable.

The last boat I built is but 30" long. The building cost was negligible as I used small pieces of wood left over from other projects and the only expense was for glue and a few fittings that I couldn't make myself. Of course, we're talking about modeling. Modeling has been a part of boating since the first boat was launched and possibly even before that.

Archaeologists have discovered ship and boat models from ancient times throughout the world. These early models most likely had religious significance and were used for blessings or as burial votives. Probably, as now, some served as art items or toys. These artifacts provide us with valuable information regarding historic seafaring technology and a look into maritime past and its sociological and economic importance.

Before naval forces could rule the seas, ships had to be built and models were the way to show royalties and admiralties what they were investing in. The models would not only help with financing but, more importantly, with their construction.

Sailors held captive for years in prisons or on long voyages sought relief from boredom by cleverly building model ships out of any material at hand; bone, ivory, or human hair. Some of these models were amazingly intricate and a commercial market developed for them as an art form.

I've always been impressed with ships in bottles, partly because of the amount of skill involved in making them so small, and partly because I couldn't imagine the amount of time and patience required. I saw one of Old Ironsides that was so small it had to be viewed with a magnifying glass! As I gazed in wonder, I muttered something about, "can you imagine taking that much time to build something that tiny?" The man standing next to me said it was his model. I told him that it was a very nice one.

We've all seen half-hull models decorating the walls of offices and museums. Before there were CAD programs or even drawing boards, half-hull models were used to design, sell, and construct a boat. Modern day models still serve a purpose, from tank testing super tankers and high end racing yachts to what really benefits us small boat builders,

Modeling, Not Just for Kids

Text and Photographs by Steve Brookman

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*,
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA



seeing how all the parts go together and what they'll look like when they are assembled.

A few years ago I caught the boat building bug after reading a *WoodenBoat* article featuring sharpies, showing off their simple, clean lines and mentioning how easy they are to build. After some research I ordered plans for the 19' Ohio Sharpie from Reuel Parker. Just as I was about to start, the next issue of *WoodenBoat* arrived with a section on building the Peace Canoe, a weekend project (oh, sure!). Since it was plywood over frames like the sharpie, I decided to build it as a warm-up.

First, I built a model as practice for the practice boat and to see if bending plywood panels over attached seats would really end up looking like a canoe. Well, it did, so I built the full-sized one. It took a bit more than a weekend, but the extra time was spent coating it with xynole polyester and epoxy like the sharpie called for (for more practice.) Now I had a battleship of a canoe, actually more of a pirogue, and was ready for the sharpie build.

Parker's plans didn't have step-by-step instructions (I'm not sure how many plans do) so building a model was almost essential. It is much better to trash a 12" piece of scrap wood rather than 12' of expensive lumber. The model helps figuring out when to install parts, like it sure would have been easier to put that thwart in if the deck wasn't in the way! And to see how paint schemes (black

hull or white?) and trim will look. I experimented by adding a doghouse not called for in the plans (it really would provide shelter for our dogs) to see if it would fit the design. After seeing it on the model, I think it would if it were built a little shorter and had wood trim along the top edge.

I never expected the building process to be so enjoyable. I found myself referencing the model often. While it helps prevent some missteps, I found many others to make. But that didn't dampen my enthusiasm, for when the sharpie left the shop I was on the internet and thumbing through old boating magazines and design books searching for just the right next build.

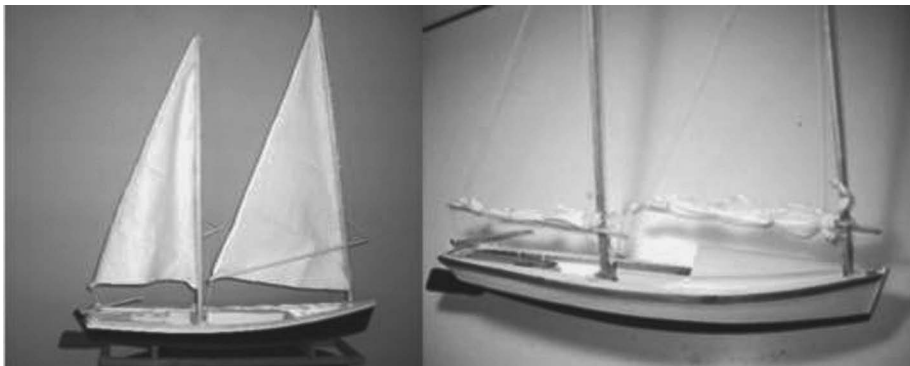
It was in W.P. Stephens' *Canoe and Boat Building*, a somewhat crude reprint of an 1898 *Forest and Stream* publication, that I stumbled upon the line drawings for *Priscilla*. I loved her lines and it was the size of boat I was thinking about. She was a Delaware River Tuckup, a boat I'd never heard of. We live a few miles from the Delaware River so the local historic aspect added to the appeal. Through the wonders of the internet (how did we ever survive without it?) and a few clicks of the mouse I had pages of information on the design. A few more mouse clicks and I was in contact with others who had built and researched them.

The lapstrake construction and especially the "tucked up" stern will make this design much more difficult to build than the sharpie. That some have called it an insane design, due to her overpowering sail plan and tendency to capsize or otherwise abuse her crew, will make this a challenge to sail as well. Undeterred, I ordered the plans and began lofting from *Priscilla's* lines and the offsets as published in Stephens' book.

One great thing about northern winters is that they give one the opportunity to devote time to indoor activities such as modeling. I braved the cold of my workshop to quickly rip some wood to size and began a 2" scale model. While I had calculated the optimum plank widths using Iain Oughtred's formula, the reality of getting these small pieces of wood to fit and stay glued in place, plus dreading going to that cold shop to re-cut the planks, I have to admit that the hull got done but not very well. It was a learning process, and I will learn to do it better in full scale.

It's always fascinating to see the form of a boat take shape. Each stage of construction has its own challenges and rewards. In scratch modeling the challenges usually revolve around finding or making a part or fitting that fits the scale. I don't have any metal working equipment so I really had to improvise on the fittings. Some, like the miniature blocks and turnbuckle, I ordered from a hobby shop, but for the rest it was cutting thin pieces of brass, snipping parts of safety pins, even using some PVC pipe. Though the purpose of the model is practice for the real thing, I can't resist throwing some paint and varnish on to see what she could look like.

The rigging was fairly simple since she only has one stay and a couple of halyards. But it was enough to convince me that I don't need to ever consider rigging a model of a tall ship. My wife kindly offered to sew the sail out some muslin she had. I added a few reef points, bent it on, hoisted it with the little halyards, and that about finished her. The fact that it seems like any little breeze would knock her off her stand gives me an idea of her sailing stability.



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Summer Workshops

at NW School
of Wooden Boatbuilding

www.nwboatschool.org

By Pete Leenhouts



The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, located on the Olympic Peninsula in Port Hadlock, Washington, will center its summer workshops around the construction of a classic Pacific Northwest boat, the Lamber-son Skiff. Instructor Tim Lee, who will teach the workshop series, has a special interest in preserving boats of significance to the Pacific Northwest region. Tim's thoughtful approach and enthusiasm for the boats he's building and his students make him an excellent instructor.

About Our School

The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding's mission is to teach and preserve the skills and crafts associated with fine wooden boat building and other traditional maritime arts with emphasis on the development of the individual as craftsman. The School was established on the Olympic Peninsula by Puget Sound Master Shipwright Bob Prothero, and has taught the marine trades vocationally and recreationally since its founding in 1981. Well over one thousand students have graduated from the School's vocational programs, and thousands more have attended summer and community workshops in traditional maritime arts. The tradition continues today on the

The skiff is perhaps the perfect yacht tender, combining lightweight glued lap-strake construction with traditional good looks. Ed Lamberson, the late Puget Sound shipwright and boatbuilder, developed and refined this small boat over a period of 30 years based on the experiences of his wife, Gayle, and himself. Tim will be using Ed's original molds and plans.

Summer workshop students can sign up to participate in one or all of the eight different short classes focused on lofting, building, painting, and fitting out this timeless, yet modern craft. Every aspect of building the boat will be taught through this series of workshops. Classes begin July 9-11 and run through August 28-29. Participation is flexible, any one or all workshops can be taken.

The Lamberson Skiff to be built during this series of workshops will be available for purchase, with preference given to students taking the complete workshop series. Contact Boat School Director Bill Mahler at 360-385-4948 for details.

Visit the School's website at www.nwboatschool.org for more details.

The late Ed Lamberson at work



new Heritage Campus, located on the historic Port Hadlock, Washington, waterfront.

The School currently offers six courses which can lead to an Associate degree. Courses include basic traditional wooden boat building skills; traditional small vessel construction; traditional large vessel construction; contemporary wooden boat building; yacht interior construction, and wooden boat repair and restoration. Full time students are eligible to participate in Federal Student Aid, to include Pell Grants and Direct Student Loans. Veteran's Benefits are also available.

The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 42 North Water St, Port Hadlock, WA 98339, (360) 385-4948; Fax: (360) 385-5089, email Info@nwboatschool.org, web: www.nwboatschool.org.



I recently received the following email from Emmett Smith, who is trying to locate a boat built by his father Everett:

"I am looking for a very unique boat that I think may be in the Philadelphia area. It is a reproduction of a Rushton Vesper model decked sailing canoe that my father, Everett Smith, built for a customer in the 1970s. It was called *Twilite* and got a bit of press from *WoodenBoat* at the time. For me, it is a part of my family history, and I am anxious to find it.

The boat was sold by the Ross Bros in Massachusetts in the late 1980s and entered the world of designers and antiques. It found its way to Wanamakers Department Store at 1300 Market St in Philadelphia, where it was on display from 1991-1996. When Strawbridges bought out Wanamakers, the boat went into a storage unit at 8th and Market. In 2006, when FDC-Macys moved into 1300 Market St, the old storage building was cleared out and the boat was sold. This is information from the Visual Director of Macys, a man named Mark Moody, who oversaw the sell-off but does not remember who the boat went to.

So far this is where the trail ends. The boat was sold in downtown Philadelphia in 2006, so I am contacting people in the area who would take note of a unique boat such

Help Us Find This Boat *Twilite*

By Andy Slavinskis, Editor
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

as this. If you have seen it or have any leads for me please be in touch. I am looking also for anyone else who sells or deals in boats or maritime antiques; anyone who might have come across this boat.

The boat is Alaskan cedar over oak with mahogany decks and coamings and spruce masts. The folding rudder and Radix style centerboard are handmade as well. The boat has copper flotation tanks under the decks. It did have a flag with its name, but I do not know if it is still with the boat. The Ross Bros also stamped their name before they sold it, probably under the thwarts and seats."

I was intrigued. I searched my spotty *WoodenBoat* archive and found the article in *WoodenBoat* #65, August 1985. This jogged my memory. As a recent graduate of the

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art in 1983, I had been thrilled to read this article which depicted the boat builder as artist. It introduced me to sailing canoes, canoe yawls, and J.H. Rushton. I think I bought the Manley book on Rushton shortly thereafter and visited the Adirondack Museum within the year.

I wrote Emmett to get permission to write about his search and some intriguing info came to light. Emmett is now a boat builder living on the West Coast and also doing consulting work for various institutions. Everett now has his shop in Canton, New York, the location of Rushton's old boatworks. He served for a time as the curator of the Antique Boat Museum at Clayton, New York. Bob LaVertue, who commissioned the boat, I met at the MASCF last year. He crafts bronze and copper hardware for sailing canoes of this kind, including the folding fan centerboards at his shop, Springfield Fan Centerboard Co in Springfield, Massachusetts, and while he created some of the hardware for *Twilite*, the Radix centerboard was made by John Wells.

This boat has a rich heritage and, as he stated, Emmett would like to return it to the family fold. Anyone having any info regarding the whereabouts of this family heirloom should contact me at andrewdarius@verizon.net.

Last fall we became the owners of a 12' fiberglass peapod, said to be made by Hi Liner Boats. The boat doesn't seem to have a hull number or any identifying nameplate. We found this little boat and a Trailex trailer in the classifieds of this magazine.

We really didn't need a peapod, or any more boats of any kind, but the Trailex trailer under it was part of the deal, and that's what we needed for transporting some of our other little boats.

The peapod we acquired was built for rowing and for sailing. It has a mast step and daggerboard trunk but apparently was never used as a sailboat as there are no fittings for a rudder. Yet! But I think there will be. I think, in time I will recondition this little pod and fit her out for sailing. But that project will have to wait for now as I have other boats to attend to. Sooner or later it will get done.

I was a little skeptical about the name, as I knew hundreds of wooden Hi Liner runabouts were built by the Fernald family in Newbury, Massachusetts. I learned of the president of the company, Howard "Bunny" Fernald, from the pages of this magazine when some of his poems were published in 2003 and I commented on them positively to our editor, who passed on my views to Mr. Fernald. He sent me a copy of his book of poems entitled *Simple Poems Just For the Fun of Writing*. The poem I enjoyed most was titled "Dingle," about a town on the coast of Ireland. It kind of made me feel like I was there.

I had also mentioned to him that the lovely and talented Naomi and I were (at the time) co-editors of a newsletter of our local chapter of the Antique and Classic Boat Society. Bunny sent us some old brochures from when Hi Liner was still in business. We wrote

A Hi Liner Peapod

By Greg Grundtisch



a feature story about Hi Liner Boats and their history using the photos and brochures. One of the photos showed an elephant being pulled on a giant water ski by a Hi Liner boat, demonstrating the power of the outboard.

So last October I wrote a letter to Fernald's inquiring if Hi Liner ever built any peapods. He replied as follows:

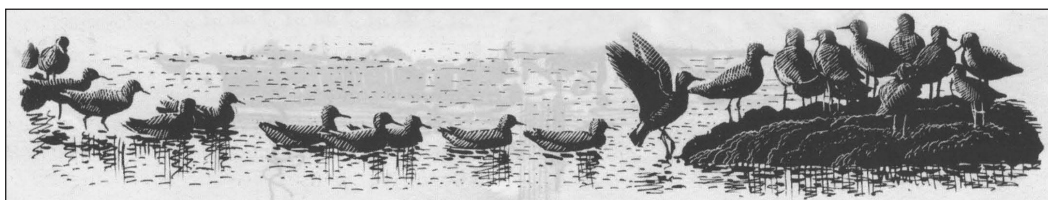
"I am Howard (Howie) Fernald, Jr. I was the skinny blonde kid in the last Hi Liner catalogs. Now I'm 62. My dad bought into Hi Liner Boats in Ipswich, Massachusetts, around 1957. We moved operations to nearby Newbury in 1963. An offer we could not re-

fuse at the time for the Hi Liner property allowed us to close the doors in 1967. All boats, tools, etc were auctioned off at that time, all but the name and trademark. We sold those to Dave Moseley who built the Ray Hunt design Hi Liner 222 for several years. They had an extremely bad fire, had bad lawsuits, and one of the Boston banks wound up with the name. Boston Whaler built two of the walk around cabin boats, very late '60s or early '70s. Nothing else was ever heard about Hi Liner until a one-man operation down the Cape started making the peapod. I don't know if the name Hi Liner was used by chance or by rights. This was fun."

These days Fernald's is not building boats but is still very much in the boat business, operating as Fernald's Marine in Newbury Massachusetts, "on the River Parker." They sell a large variety of sailboats, canoes, kayaks, and skiffs, as well as outboards and trailers. They have advertised in *MAIB* for 25 years or more now. My thanks to Howie for taking the time to help out with my search for information about the boat, and thanks again to Bunny for sending me the book of poems. I still read them from time to time.

So, Howie's reply helped, but I still do not know who the builder or designer is or anything about the one-man operation or even if it still exists.

Editor Comments: *The answer to Greg's inquiry rested in an article in the November 1, 1985 issue of MAIB, which I decided to bring to you in its entirety on the following pages as an example of how MAIB serves as a source of information for such inquiries as well as being an interesting tale in itself of how small boat builder dreams arise, are realized, and then fade into the past.*





Specifications:

LOA: 12'-10"
Beam: 4'-11"
Weight approx: 120lb
Sail Area: 59sf main,
23sf jib

Standard Features:

1-pc molded fiberglass hull plus cb box
Bronze lifting rings
Bronze towing ring with backing plate
Bronze sockets and horns with keepers
15' painter
Molded fiberglass cb and box
Molded fiberglass staved flotation tanks
Kick-up rudder
Varnished mahogany trim throughout
Colorfast interior finish (hull)
2-pc stowable aluminum spar
3.9oz Dacron mainsail
Dacron halyards, sheets, etc

Classic Charm ~ The Peapod



25 Years Ago in MAIB

Peter Sylvia has been a busy guy this past year turning out his 13' fiberglass peapod, Classic Charm. When we visited him mid-August he had three boats in progress in his shop in a converted old wooden barn in South Dartmouth, Massachusetts. While not directly on the water, the shop is within sight of a tidal marsh off Buzzards Bay. The three in the works were just the current slice of a continuous line of 36 to date this year. "Last year we topped 50 boats," Peter said, and he expected to maybe better that for 1985.

Peter's been building this boat for ten years and seems to have established himself with a firm niche in small boating. Classic Charm is built as either a rowing or sailing model. The latter can be used either way, with the collapsible rig, or the oars, stowed aboard. About half his 1985 production was devoted to each version, according to Peter. The complete sailing model sells for \$1,650, the rowing model for \$895. This perhaps explains in part the success he has had marketing this boat.

The construction is chopper gun fiberglass, not so labor intensive as hand laid, hence less expensive. Peter feels quite comfortable with this technique as he's had no serious problems with hull strength from

ten years of production. The right rear portion of the hull is reinforced with cloth on the inside where the optional outboard bracket can be mounted. From the chopper gun bay the bare hull goes to a trimming up and fitting out bay where the mahogany trim, thwarts, etc, are put on. The third bay is the finishing up shop for assembly and detailing.

The lines were taken off a restored Maine peapod back in 1975 and the boat is very pleasing in appearance. Peter claims it rows very nicely, as a peapod should, he acclaims the stability, especially under load, and the sailing capabilities with its low $\frac{3}{4}$ rig center of effort and 24" draft board down. Sail area is 82sf, 59sf in the main, 23sf in the jib. The two-piece aluminum mast is foam filled so it floats if dropped overboard, and the oars are $7\frac{1}{2}$ footers. Peter recommends a 2hp outboard for those desiring to have auxiliary power, mounted on the starboard rear quarter.

The fiberglass exterior finish is excellent, due to the female mold, the interior is the usual "rough textured" finish, painted. Colors offered are red, blue, green, yellow, and white for exterior. The varnished mahogany is nicely done, though not of "elegant" quality, and the fittings are bronze. It's quite a nice little boat for the money and that seems to have made it a commercial success.

Peter worked at Concordia before starting his own shop and, like many small builders, he's done a lot of repair work to help pay the bills while building up his product line. He also has built his own high performance sailboat, Muscle, the cold molded sloop was in the yard on its cradle undergoing minor hull repairs started two years ago. Peter hasn't had time to get it into the water this year. Peter designed Muscle himself based on ideas taken from similar racing craft. Also in the yard we noted a Beetle Cat that had been restored by cold molding onto the original hull a new layer of veneer/epoxy.

And now Peter has moved on to a bigger venture, his Hi Liner Offshore 222, a deep V outboard speedster designed by C. Raymond Hunt. Peter bought the complete building molds for this boat from the former builder and had a boat on display at the Small Boat Show in May. He is particularly enthused about the water ballast system in this boat which permits use of 760lbs of water to stabilize the boat in rough seas. The prospects of moving into the more lucrative high performance outboard market are currently driving Peter Sylvia, but even as he pursues this



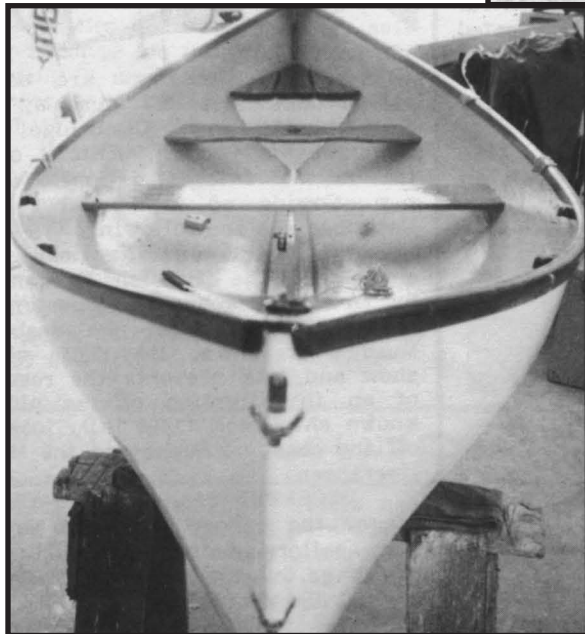
dream, the little Classic Charm peapods keep on coming down the line, his three-man crew not lacking for something to do.

Editor Comments (2010): *We couldn't help Greg with any lead as to what might have happened to Hi Liner Boats as Peter was unable, after a while in 1986, to pay his advertising bill with us and failed to respond to our follow-up inquiries.*

Top right: The mold has a new hull laid up and curing.

Bottom left: Just about finished out with mahogany trim and bronze fittings in place.

Bottom right: Fitting the kick-up rudder.



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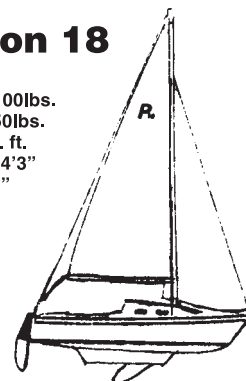
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Although early icons of sailing canoes acknowledge the Scot, John MacGregor, as the “father of the modern canoe,” and historians might say “the decked sailing canoe,” his Rob Roy canoes barely sailed to weather.

But he loved sailing. His series of seven Rob Roys had lugs and jibs, along with inch-deep keel strips. He had eight suits of sails made to get one set to fit well for his second long trip, *The Rob Roy on the Baltic* (1867). For his third long trip, *The Rob Roy on the Jordan* (1869) in his fifth Rob Roy, he dyed a lugsail and jib blue for less glare and visibility. Apparently, though, he thought he wouldn’t be able to have a boat which could sail well to weather on trips and be lean and agile enough to paddle as he wanted. He wrote, “Sailing is a mistake, unless with a favourable wind.” Although after his second trip, he wrote, “Experiments as to the use of leeboards for improving the sailing qualities of a canoe have convinced me that a light leeboard of sheet-iron or deal will be a useful addition to the gear.” But he had only his inch-deep keel for the Jordan trip.

MacGregor’s fellow Royal Canoe Club member, Warrington Baden-Powell, did want to sail upwind. He built a series of canoes, each named Nautilus, beginning in the late 1860s (he used no numbers, enthusiasts added them later). The first was a Rob Roy #2 model, 14’x26”. Then came Nautilus #2 and #3, both 14’x28”. Nautilus #3 was his Baltic ride in 1869. His Nautili continued, none alike, gaining beam and center or lee boards, to the #8 of 1881 with 33” beam and an 83lb centerboard. Nautilus #9, it appears, was a 16” deep, chunky canoe-yawl.

“Leeboards,” Baden-Powell said in his 1871 book, *Canoe Travelling, Log of a Cruise on the Baltic and Practical Hints on Building and Fitting Canoes*, “for ordinary pleasure cruising, the trouble of using a leeboard is hardly repaid by the very small amount of weather gauge gained on short tacks; but on a long voyage where time and strength must be economized, many a side slant of wind may be successfully sailed to by the help of a well-proportioned and fitted leeboard.”

Baden-Powell wrote, “In canoe traveling there are two distinct pleasures; one, the healthful enjoyment of a free and easy life in fine weather and varied scenery; and the other, the more sensational, cracking on under sail, and working her successfully through and over heavy seas; not in the foolhardy sense courting danger... (rather) to enjoy for a short time the excitement of flitting on the brink of eternity.”

Compared to MacGregor, Baden-Powell seemed more of a sailor than paddler. “As to paddling against a head wind in open water in any but a long, low, narrow paddling canoe, it is simply self-inflicted hard labour; sails would do the work in far less time, and with ease and comfort to the canoeist.”

MacGregor preferred traveling alone, but Baden-Powell did not. MacGregor wrote in *The Rob Roy on the Jordan*, “Long consideration, and a resolve to leave nothing haphazard, are the true secrets of ensuring success, and here comes in one of the great advantages of traveling alone; you have time and silence to consider maturely. You do not mar your plans by feeble compromises. You see, hear, and think a great deal more than if a pleasant companion is beside you all day, whose small talk (and your own) must run dry in a month, and neither of you is free. In these solitary expeditions I have never a sensation of loneliness... one’s plans are quietly perfected.”

Lateral Resistance For the Cruising Sailing Canoe

From Rob Roy’s Keel Strip
To Bufflehead’s Leeboard
For an All-Round Canoe

By Hugh Horton
Photos by Hugh Horton & Bill Ling
Reprinted from *Ash Breeze*
Journal of the
Traditional Small Craft Association

Preface: While it’s flattering to have conclusions verified, I’m reminded how we stand on the shoulders of others. In trying to answer editors Wick and Asplundh [of *Ash Breeze—Ed*] about Bufflehead’s leeboard mount, I scrutinized more of the classic literature, thanks to the superb online work of Tim Gittins, Dan Miller and Craig O’Donnell. Some of it I’d only perused in the last 25 years. I re-read much, too, from hard-copy books that had moved me over that time, finding valuable words about more than weatherliness.



Hugh Horton test pilots Bufflehead after its initial launch, August 2007.

Whereas Baden-Powell wrote, “Many imagine that canoe traveling must necessarily be a solitary performance; on the contrary, I think the more the merrier and the safer, provided that each man is skipper of his own boat. But on a long trip I should prefer as many companions as possible, for, even when two are together, every trouble is halved and pleasure doubled. I will never get the Nautilus underweigh for a long cruise, under a self-imposed sentence of solitary confinement.”

New Yorker C. Bowyer Vaux, in his 1888 book, *Canoe Handling, The Canoe: History, Uses, Limitations and Varieties, Practical Management and Care and Relative Facts*, developed five classifications of canoes, all of which can be singlehanded. Class I is paddling only; Class II includes sailing off the wind like MacGregor; Class III is the versatile paddler-sailer, including to weather; Class IV, “They have fixed deep keels or heavy centerboards of iron (and

are heavy and tiresome to paddle;” Class V includes ballasted canoe-yawls, drawing over a foot with boards up, and four or more feet of beam.

Of Class III, Vaux says, “The sail and paddle are used about equally (the 50/50 boat). The length and breadth of these canoes are means between the extreme length and beam for one use only. These canoes, by utilizing keels or centerboards, are enabled, under sail, to make to windward. One man can lift and carry a Class III canoe when relieved of its load of ballast or cargo.”

W.P. Stephens was a New York boat builder, a founding member of the American Canoeing Association and longtime yachting-canoeing editor of *Forest and Stream Magazine*. In the January 6, 1900 issue, his essay, “The Past and Future of American Canoeing 1880-1900,” addressed the National Canoe Congress. He defined “...the canoe proper... fitted for one man and capable of being sailed, paddled or handled on shore by him alone,” which seems to parallel Vaux’s Class II and III.

Stephens wrote, “The majority of American canoes in 1880 were variations of the Nautilus type, 14’x30” in dimensions, with moderate sheer and mainly fitted with shallow keels. In model, build, and fittings they were all-round cruising craft, and most of them had made cruising records before doing much racing. Every canoe that came to camp (following Nathaniel Bishop’s call to assemble at Lake George in 1880) carried her owner’s tent, bed, and camp outfit and raced with her cruising rig.

“From 1880 to 1886 the ‘improvement of the canoe and her fitting was carried on rapidly at the hands of such men as Vaux, Gibson, Oliver, Bailey, Richards, and other old-time cruisers and racers.

“The main end of all was to produce a perfect all-round canoe, in which, if time permitted, one might cruise to a meet and yet win both sailing and paddling prizes.”

Considering the years from 1890 to 1900 he said, “...the perfection of the sailing (racing) machine has driven out entirely the old all-round cruising and racing canoe.”

Vaux agreed in his 1894 *Canoes and Canoeing*, “The modern sailing canoe is the direct result of racing. The canoes that entered the races at the annual American Canoe Association meets, previous to 1888, were all fairly good cruising canoes. Since then, the purely racing machine has come to the front, and the general utility canoe relegated to the rear.”

But Stephens saw that people in 1900, as they do now, “...prized the freedom and independence of canoeing and yet wished for something abler, drier, and more comfortable than the 30” canoe. Though the maximum limit of beam for a canoe in this country is still 30”, as it has always been, many good craft have been built and used with a breadth of from three to four feet.”

Stephens asked, “Is it possible to... design a larger, wider and abler craft that will become generally popular as the old 30” canoe was in 1880?”

He wasn’t thinking leeboards, though. From his 1889 *Canoe and Boat Building, A Complete Manual for Amateurs*, “...the leeboard being too clumsy a device to be of use in a canoe, though at one time occasionally used... will not answer for a decked one.”

But, in about 1917, Ralph Rogers modified his Rushton Vesper with an exquisite

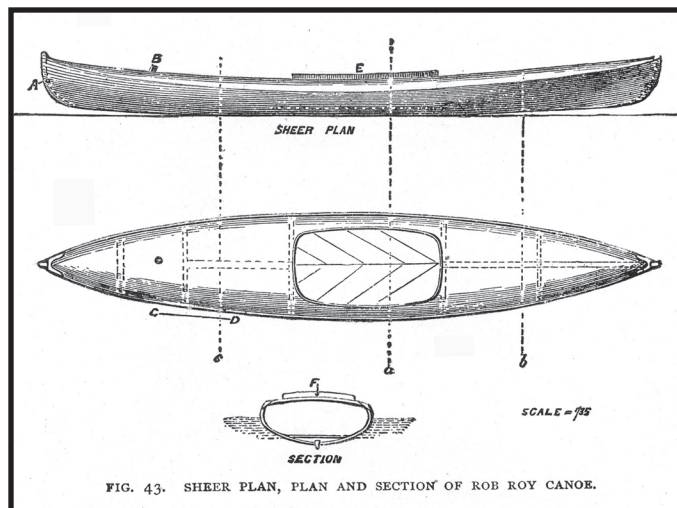


FIG. 43. SHEER PLAN, PLAN AND SECTION OF ROB ROY CANOE.

Sheer plan and section of a Rob Roy-style decked canoe, from Adrian Nelson's *Practical Boat Building for Amateurs*, Dixon-Price Publishing (2008). Reproduced for educational purposes only.

Bill Ling reaches for the bow of Jim Renouf's Bufflehead design canoe, Eden, during a July 2009, daysail on Lower Saranac Lake, New York.

leeboard and mount. It's in The Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake, New York. I saw it in the early '90s and it blew me away then and still does. The blade's section is lens shaped, symmetrical fore and aft, but Curator Hallie Bond told me, it's flatter on the inside. This is the first shaped leeboard of which I'm aware.

O.S. Tyson's 1935, *Sailing Canoes, A Brief History*, has an ACA Open Sailing Canoe with a drawing of streamlined leeboard sections, reminiscent of an NACA (National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics) section.

Bufflehead's single leeboard mount is of plywood, carbon, kevlar, and epoxy. The board pivots up and down on the port side, its axle revolving in a horizontal tube perpendicular to the boat's centerline which does not cross the cockpit. Jan Gougeon's system is the best I've seen, friction is applied by squeezing the slotted tube around the axle. He's thought through an evolution of it, too, using a tapered axle in a cone rather than a cylindrical axle in a tube. Either way, friction is easily set as it's wanted for fingertip control, and it seldom needs readjustment.

Bufflehead's leeboard is an NACA foil section, about 0008. The board is of meranti, moderately low density, heavily reinforced with layers of carbon cloth. The lower leading edge, which is abused by rocks and oysters, has a thick, glass inlay. The trailing edge is strengthened with carbon fiber.



Sailing canoe leeboards under construction, showing NACA foil shapes and carbon fiber reinforcement at the pivot point and on the trailing edges.

The Bufflehead design's sailing performance would put it into and beyond Vaux's Class IV, while the weight (cartop 45-60lbs, 70-85lbs overall dry weight) and size (15.5'x33") allow the design to remain in Class III, but take it out of Class II.

Vaux wrote in 1888, "Eight points make up a right angle. A canoe under the most favorable conditions cannot sail within less than four points of the wind. In close hauled sailing, the angle the canoe makes with the course of the wind is between 50 and 60 degrees, or about five points."

Unless we're in open, rough water, it's common for a Bufflehead or Serendipity sister to tack just inside 90 degrees. Their windward ability is from the combination of slick hulls, clean sail rigs, suitable rudders, and appropriate leeboards.

Our devices for lateral resistance have changed in the last 140 years, but our goal of an "all-round" boat hasn't. I think if ghosts of MacGregor, Baden-Powell, Vaux, and Stephens found our canoes while strolling a fogged-in beach, they'd smile.

In addition to thanking those mentioned in the article; Gittins, Miller, O'Donnell, and Bond, I want to thank Charlie Campbell, Tony Ford, Ben Fuller, Horri Luukkanen, John Summers, and Marilyn Vogel. All have been helpful in conversation or correspondence.



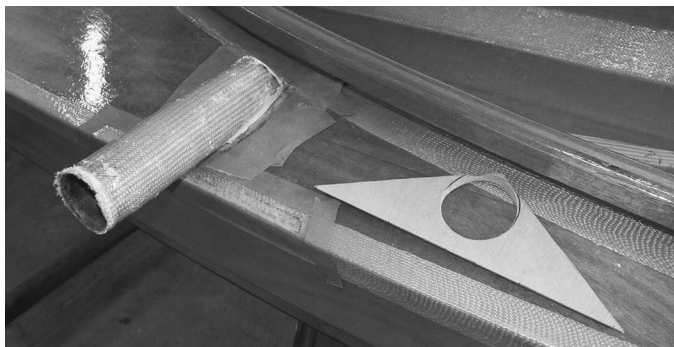
Pat Ball and the Gougeon brothers in Serendipity and sisters at Cedar Key, May 2008. This photo is inside Atsena Otie Key channel thru.

Reflections of Bufflehead at rest; on-shore at Lower Saranac Lake, New York, September 2009

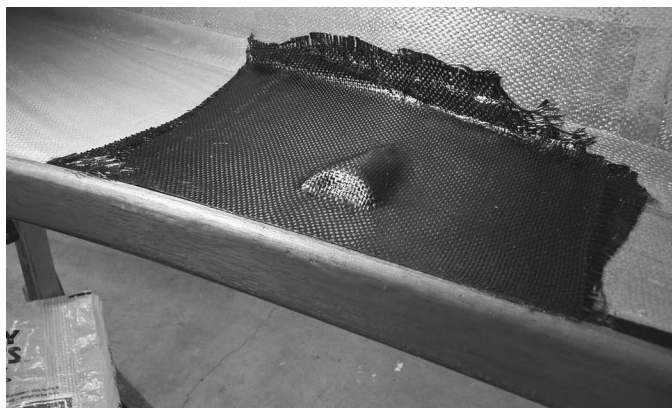


Judy and Pat Ball on New York's Keuka Lake. Besides offering lateral resistance, a leeboard is completely outside the canoe's cockpit, providing freedom for flotation, gear, sleeping space, or passengers.

The Leeboard Mounting Tube: A key element of modern-day lateral resistance.



Clockwise from above: a leeboard tube is glued into place, after careful alignment, and is ready for its deck brace; the plywood brace is filleted in place and carbon fiber tapes added for reinforcement; a view from underneath the deck shows overlapped layers of carbon fiber that back up the inboard end of the leeboard tube; final layers of Kevlar tape are in place and the tube ready for trimming.



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It's possible, even likely, that a few folks out there in small boat land haven't signed on to this project yet. I can well understand such reticence since I am a pretty cautious fellow myself. I usually jump into a project when I realize how much money I can save.

In one of my piles I found a couple of pages from *Sail* for June 1998 with specs for dinghies. The prices are doubtless higher now. Out of fifteen, seven are in our length range. They run in price from \$899 for an injection molded "nobody will steal it" to the Trinka at \$2,850. The Dyer and the Fatty Knees are right up there, too. Average price for the seven dinks is \$1,465, skewed by the plastic fantastic. Price them out now if you need more motivation.

We have had several nice days this week so I have worked up my lofting. I thought I had my sheet of vellum taped down pretty good but it blew loose. I haven't had the big door put in yet so I have lots of wind, plus birds. We all know what birds doo. This boat will have an inborn fear of seagulls.

Following my inclination, I drew in waterlines on the half breadth plan, based on the fore transom, mid-ship mold, and transom, just letting the batten do its own thing. I have opted for a large beam, well over 4'. She'll be a big dink, well able to carry sail.

With a set of waterlines on the half breadth plan, it's a simple matter to pick off measurements and draw outlines for the fore and aft bulkheads sealing off the flotation/storage compartments.

Super Dink

Part 4

By Jim Thayer



The aft bulkhead came out perfectly, the batten happy to lie right on the points. However, the forward bulkhead fit very well except that the 14" waterline was off by a fat quarter. Must be a careless mistake, but I couldn't pin it down. While searching for this anomaly, I spied another problem lurking in the web of lines.

Recall that I drew the waterlines on the half breadth plan based on the three original cross sections. These sections were all assumed to be vertical. Therefore the waterlines ran from

FP to AP, except for the 3" which ran into the centerline under the fore body.

Don't forget that our transoms, especially the fore transom, are inclined and thus longer than they would be if vertical. The length can be taken right off the profile. In the last installment, talking about transom expansion before I actually did it, I got to rummaging around in my head and fell right off the deep end into some nonsense about drawing a new body plan for the transoms with modified waterline spacing. Forget that! Unless, as is quite likely, you know more about this stuff than I do, you had better hang back one or two installments.

Now consider the forward transom. It swings aft from the deck line into a hull which is becoming wider. It ain't gonna fit. There are two ways out. From waterlines on the profile we can erect verticals up to the waterlines on the half breadth plan and get a set of points aft of the FP. We can redraw our waterlines to end at these new points aft of the FP. In this case our forward transom will retain its original width. If you have already cut out your transom, this is definitely the way to go.

The other approach is to run your verticals up to where they intercept the original water lines aft of the FP. These points are outboard of the points as found above. Therefore the transom will grow to meet the original hull shape.

Well, get this sorted out and next time we will get them cut out and set them up.

Nordlund Skiff Launching

By Pete Leenhouts

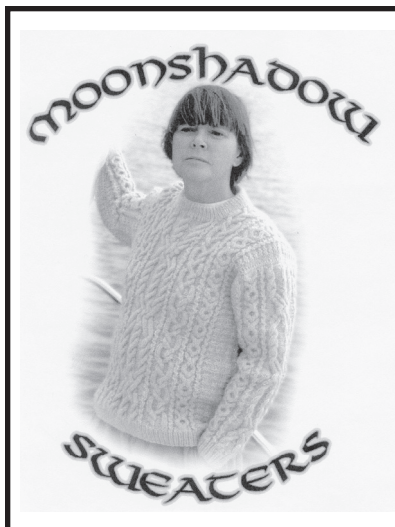
The latest version of the Nordlund Skiff was launched Friday, May 14, under the watchful eyes of its designer, Dale Nordlund, by students and staff under brilliantly sunny skies at the Port Hadlock launch ramp next to the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding on the Olympic Peninsula.

Dale is a well-known local boat builder who apprenticed in Seattle in the mid-1940s. He first drew the lines for this Pacific Northwest skiff in the mid-1950s. Several skiffs were built to these lines at that time.

Traditional Small Craft class students lofted the boat with the help of instructor Jeff Hammond, and built the boat under the guidance of instructors Ben Kahn and Ray Speck between January and May as one of the craft in their curriculum.

The Nordlund Skiff is lapstrake built and traditionally constructed of copper riveted red cedar planking, larch guards, Sitka spruce risers, and locally harvested black locust knees and breasthook. The boat is 11'6" long.

Traditional Small Craft students Bryan Mann, Hannah Lynch, Max Richter, Walt White, Bill PostvanderBurg, Jeremy Cole, designer Dale Nordlund, instructor Ray Speck and the Nordlund Skiff.



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I'm inclined to believe that the term, "Senior Moment" has gotten a bad rap. It can have as much to do with remembering, often vividly, as forgetting. Well, see what you think.

I was folding sox tonight. Not a particularly complex task. For me, being somewhat color blind, things got a whole lot simpler when I shifted to wearing all white sox. It's more like counting off for sand lot football than actually "sorting." Anyhow, there I was folding sox, and stowing the rest of my clean laundry. I got to thinking about how I learned to fold clothes. Of course, that was in boot camp. And, before I knew it I was thinking about folding blues. And, the transition to my first night at sea in a motor whaleboat just popped into my head. And, well, I was off on a rather memorable Senior Moment. Let me tell you about it.

I was just out of boot camp and Signalman "A" school and aboard my first ship. We were transiting to Pearl in company with a recently re-fir'd Forrest Sherman can, the *USS Morton* (DD-9-something-or-other). My ship was a new-construction destroyer escort. And, our skipper liked to show his command off to most any VIP who should fall within range. There weren't a lot of VIPs halfway between San Diego and Pee Harbor, so he invited *Morton's* Old Man over for evening chow.

As the host ship, we were detailed to send the boat over for the guest of honor. For a kid from the inland northwest, the notion of actually being on the Real Ocean in a small boat had always been a thing of pure fantasy. I was up on the signal bridge where I was supposed to be for "special evolutions" and leaning on the rail watching the deck guys get the whaleboat ready for a pax transfer. I'm pretty sure the first class who tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Rog, you gotta go with 'em" thought he was dealing me a crummy assignment. The boat was already manned up, and they were already lowering away. The SM1 added, "Oh, and you gotta be in undress blues for this run."

I seriously doubt I actually touched more than a couple treads on the ladders leading down from the bridge to my berthing compartment, and then back up. I broke out my undress blues and dress shoes and my "inspection" white hat and was in the boat pocket before anybody could change their mind.

The boat was already lowered to just above the water and still hanging on the davits. Really without thinking about it, I simply leaned out into space, a couple decks up, and grabbed a monkey line. I shinnied down and landed in the bow just aft of the rather enormous block and trippable hook that carries the weight of the forward half of a diesel-powered 26' fiberglass personnel boat. Remember this was mid-ocean and things are not exactly calm. I suppose the ship had slowed to 5 knots or so and was supposed to be making a lee for the boat. I hasten to emphasize, "supposed to."

I was completely un-briefed on this sort of evolution. I was sent along as the boat

Senior Moment?

By Dan Rogers

signalman and radio operator. Oh yeah. In addition to being outfitted in undress blues and those enormous Mae West life jackets, our boat crew were all wearing pea coats. A moment for explanation of some of the traditions of small craft operation within the navies of the world could be helpful. The junior guys are normally stationed in the bow and the senior guys, officers actually, ride aft. Originally, the junior guys were the propulsion, as ships' boats were oar powered. Normally, the officers were the "cargo."

Since small craft became engine powered, the junior guys are there for a couple of ceremonial and one particularly practical reason. When you have an important personage aboard your boat, a couple of designated seamen normally stand at parade rest on the foredeck. But, in a pointy-ended craft like a motor whale boat, there really isn't any place for the ceremonial sacrificial lambs to stand. What they are REALLY up there for, is to protect the guys down aft from spray. Yep. And, being the most-junior, and most inexperienced, guess where "Boats" told ME to stand?

The idea is to start the boat's engine while still in the davits and then lower away. Then, you're supposed to trip out the lifting hooks in the appropriate order (much like when you first learned to stop a bike with hand brakes, first the rear and THEN the front.) Anyhow.

I was up front with the "bow hook." In the case of navy parlance, this isn't some sort of pole with a metal end on it. It's a deck seaman who is supposed to perform a few functions in a choreographed manner. Part of this is a bit vague, now 40 years later. Not so much from brain fade, I was sort of "caught up" in the moment, and didn't get to look around a whole lot.

Just when "Boats" called for his bow and stern hooks to trip out and goosed that little Perkins forward, the ocean sort of fell out from under us. The boat's stern reared up, and the bow submarined. I'm told this is can be a sign of the hooks being tripped out in the wrong order. It was, at least, a moment of relative chaos. Somehow the trip line on the bow davit block had become fouled, as well. I leaped up to help the bow hook and the apparatus came dislodged (as it is designed to do.) Standing up in the bow of a boat that is surging forward under full power, meeting the speed of the mother ship, and descending down with the swell; I caught the davit block full in the chest.

Actually, more to the point, it caught me. These things are about as big as a man, and weigh at least as much as a couple Volkswagens. In addition to substantial flat steel sides, and substantial steel sheaves, they come with substantial steel cables (well greased). I sort of did a Wiley Coyote trick with the headlight of an oncoming freight train. Plastered against this lifting apparatus, which was still attached to the ship, I flew over the heads of the entire crew and just about all 26 feet of boat. Fortunately for my shoe shine, I dropped in a heap at the stern hook's feet.

I think this is sort of like what astronauts must feel like on liftoff. If the leaving takes this much grunting and groaning, com-

ing back must really be something. Since we really weren't in the lee of the mother ship, whoever took my place as spray shield up forward was getting a pretty good soaking. It's not real easy to pick your way forward in a moving and loaded MWB at sea, so I found myself someplace to hang on amidships. That's where the radio was, and like I said, I was the "radio operator." This was still in the era of those PRC-10 things (pronounced "prick-ten") that were huge, square, non-waterproof, and anything but clear audibly. As I was saying, I hadn't been briefed on this mission. I hadn't ever even turned one of those John Wayne radios on before. I think I finally got the darn thing operating by the time we were alongside *Morton*.

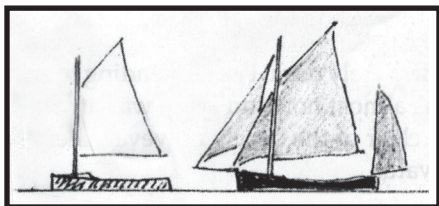
I doubt I could tell the *Morton's* CO from the Mona Lisa by recognizing his face. But, I still carry a vivid impression of his south-side-while-heading-north. We were lurching alongside this hurricane-bowed destroyer, doing a reasonable job of holding station. I don't recall if we were using a sea painter. It doesn't matter a lot, because if the coxswain doesn't manage things with adroit manipulation of both throttle and rudder, the boat tends to smack the ship and do real nasty things to that laminated oak rub strake. The Jacob's Ladder was over, and down came a pair of khaki pants and black shoes. I was still stationed amidships someplace near the engine. This is the most open part of the boat, and the best place to "receive guests."

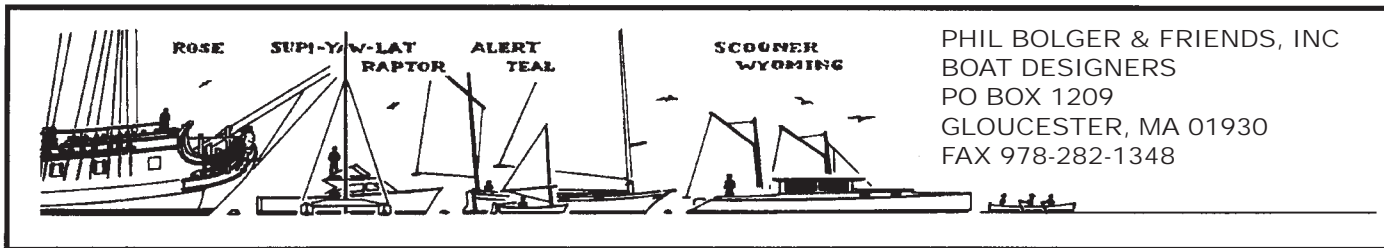
About the time I looked up to see what was next in the evening's entertainment, the boat dropped out of the sky again. This was apparently the very moment the pants containing a full commander with Command at Sea Star attached, stepped off the bottom rung of the Jake's Ladder. These things are over in an instant, but remembered in freeze-frame. I recall thinking, "That bottle in his back pocket isn't gonna come out of this real well. How come the officers get to have bottles? Oh yeah, he's the captain. And the captain is God." And so on. Next thing, the *Morton's* CO landed squarely on Seaman Rogers' head. I don't remember if he said, "sorry." He probably said "thank you" because that sodden mass of very wet wool (undress blues, pea coat, etc.) and Mae West surrounding one Seaman Rogers probably made for a rather soft landing.

When we got back alongside my ship, the ballet continued with riding the mythical lee. As our distinguished passenger clung to the rope ladder, I had the opportunity to give him a bit of a boost. You could say that I had my fist on the seat of command for just a moment. At this point, the sleeves of my pea coat had stretched more than half a foot past my hands. The cuffs of my once-pressed-to-a-fare-the-well trousers extended well past my no-longer-shiny dress shoes. It is quite amazing how much water a woolen uniform can hold, when it's splashed on in bucket-sized increments.

It was then that I got to share a bit of radio traffic with "Boats" and the rest of our now-drenched and shivering crew. "It's too rough to pick you guys up right now. Stand by until it's time to return your passenger..."

And, so began my first night at sea in a small boat. And, no, when those khaki pants came down the ladder for the final thrash, there wasn't a bottle in the back pocket any more. I do hope he enjoyed his dinner. I don't particularly think anybody enjoyed the taxi ride much.





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1348

This design was made about 20 years ago. It was a custom design for a man 6'6" tall, who had a son 6'10" tall. The boat was well along in construction and the sails, etc, on hand, when the owner died without warning. I have personal experience of the consequences of such a loss. It's not surprising that the hull, which may not have been to a high standard in the first place, was carelessly stored and allowed to deteriorate. The well-made sails and spars remained in secure storage. Meanwhile another boat was started to the design, hull completed, but stopped on account of changed circumstances.

Enter Mason Smith: He acquired the first one intending to finish it, but found the hull perished past saving. But he had the other equipment. He then heard of and bought the well-along hull of the second boat. His shop is in the Adirondacks and the hull was in California, but he got them together and made a clean, shipshape job of finishing a boat to the original plans. He had had a spectacularly good experience with a Birdwatcher, a smaller boat on the same design principle, which helped to sell the boat to Patrick Connor, who will use her on the Great Lakes. He took delivery of her off a trailer in Annapolis, Maryland, and invited us to try out this first realization of the design. This fit with some other business in the Washington area. Commander Mike Bosworth came along to discuss a project while enjoying a sail. A friend of Patrick's came out in his auxiliary sloop to act as camera boat.

The original wish list for this design began with the "big and tall" client. The rest of it was for a fast, rough-water-capable, four-berth cruiser that could be routinely sailed off a trailer. The latter requirement called for a weight of not much more than a ton (plus the weight of the trailer itself) plus 900lbs of dumpable water ballast to supplement her 1" thick hull bottom, plus half a ton or so of crew and overnight cruising supplies.

Fingertips at the tiller of Patrick Connors *Utilis*, leeboards retracted, Phil outghosts a 35' French production sloop on a reach.



Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Introduction from Susanne Altenburger

This is Phil's last article for *MAIB's* "Bolger On Design." Beyond this introductory paragraph, the text is in its original (unedited!) form as written by him. After a lifetime of writing by himself, once he had asked me to join him in life and work, he had insisted on my contributions to the writing process as well. This ranged from proof-reading over adding details or an additional perspective, all the way to composing whole Building Keys and writing full-length reports such as for Consultancies. Here, only the photo captions are mine. Next issue I'll offer more photos of details aboard her. So here is Phil in his own words one last time:

Fast Weekend Cruiser "Whalewatcher"

Design #561
29'0" LOD

6'6" Beam (7'6" over leeboards)
11" Draft (4'1" max. boards)
4,700lbs Normal Displacement
410sf Sail Area

With the client's agreement there was no attempt to make her "look like a boat." This is a clean-sheet-of-paper craft. The hull is a scow rather than a sharpie, with the profile and plan view of the hull bottom exactly matched. As she heels under sail this hull retains a symmetrical shape with no change of fore-and-aft trim or, in theory, of helm balance. She increases her waterline length from less than 21' upright in smooth water to nearly 26' at an optimum 15 degrees of heel. The "deadrise angle" is equal to the heel, for smooth wave encounter whenever there's weight in the wind. The forward bottom is carried out long enough beyond the waterline to carry the bow transom clear of the crests of a short chop. The transom is plumb to get as much bottom length as possible.

The four 6'10" berths and camping galley are inside the transparent-sided raised deck, with the 3' wide "standing room" the full length. The spacious feeling is striking. The five of us could spread out as much as we liked, with separate conversations possible. All had sprawling space. In fact, we tended to congregate abaft the galley bay where the helmsman outside could be included, but the addition of several youngsters in the for-

ward bay would not have created a crowd. The outside helm was specified by the original client, who did not want to have glass in front of him, but in fact nobody found the glass irritating. It was easy to stand up in the standing room with head above deck, but none of us did so frequently. It was not hot inside the greenhouse.

The original client had insisted on the opening windows in the sides of the raised deck for ventilation. I did not like them, sure that sooner or later they would be open and forgotten with a squall coming. As I knew from the first Birdwatcher they're not needed under sail with the standing room open; the downdraft off the mainsail circulates the air powerfully. I admit that on a rainy day at anchor or under power, with the standing room cover in place, they would be pleasant. But I would rather have some electric fans, not expensive, noisy, or hard on the batteries.

The wind in Annapolis harbor was light. Whalewatcher is a good ghoster; gently passing a conventional cruiser-racer, 5' draft with a very tall mast. (Whalewatcher's mainmast is 26'6" overall, stepped in a tabernacle and counterweighted to swing up and down with one hand; handy if the bridge doesn't open.) We'd been preoccupied with getting the balanced-lug mainsail setting properly, which Mason managed after a couple of false tries. I didn't notice until I saw the photos that the mizzen wasn't fully hoisted by about a foot. It worked notwithstanding.

The boat we passed made an interesting comparison. She was high-sided; with no doubt a lot of accommodation but only small portlights, claustrophobic, we thought. Four or five people were shoulder to shoulder high on her deck in the sun. The deep keel and tall mast restricted her movements all around the Bay, and in our opinion is not good for sea-keeping either. And Whalewatcher will have been a lot less of an investment, even custom-built to a high standard of finish as she was. The wind filled in a bit, enough to get a line on her helm balance and general handi-

Four minutes later the Whalewatcher had added additional boat lengths of distance.



ness. It would have been nice to demonstrate how fast these shallow-hulled, low-overhang hulls will go in a breeze, but we know what they're like.

We sailed back into the harbor and I spoiled my day: I wanted to see how well the bow daggerboard functioned. She has it because she will carry a prohibitive lee helm if her long leeboards are raised enough to reduce her draft, sailing in wading-draft water. The daggerboard in the bow enables her to make good something to windward under sail in about a foot and a half of water. Very good, but I did not get it back up, or warn Susanne, who had taken over the helm. She sailed along the Academy rip-rap and put the tiller over to demonstrate the way these hulls can be spun around on their heels. But they won't do that with the bow daggerboard frustrating the rudder action. She lost way, missed stays, fell off the wind on the old tack, attempted to jibe, also frustrated by the bow board, and ran on the rip-rap head-on.

Of course, we should have had the motor going, in fitful wind on a lee shore. Pat thought of that first but still too late. Susanne and Mike ran forward, shoved the bow clear and guided it along to the end of the rip-rap, where she sailed off; not as neatly as that makes it sound. There was no sea at all in the harbor, so the only harm was some paint off one of the leeboards, and to my ego. It was as bad as the time, some 67 years earlier, when I capsized my catboat in front of a crowd trying to demonstrate a neat departure from the weather side of a float.

After all, this futuristic boat gave us a good sail. Her plans, our Design #561, are available for \$250 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

A leeboard scow-sharpie doing well, a usual sight amongst the conventional hulls of Annapolis.



Looking aft from behind her mainmast, owner Patrick Connor amidships offers scale to her centerline opening; the soft-top is neatly rolled up and stowed out of sight.

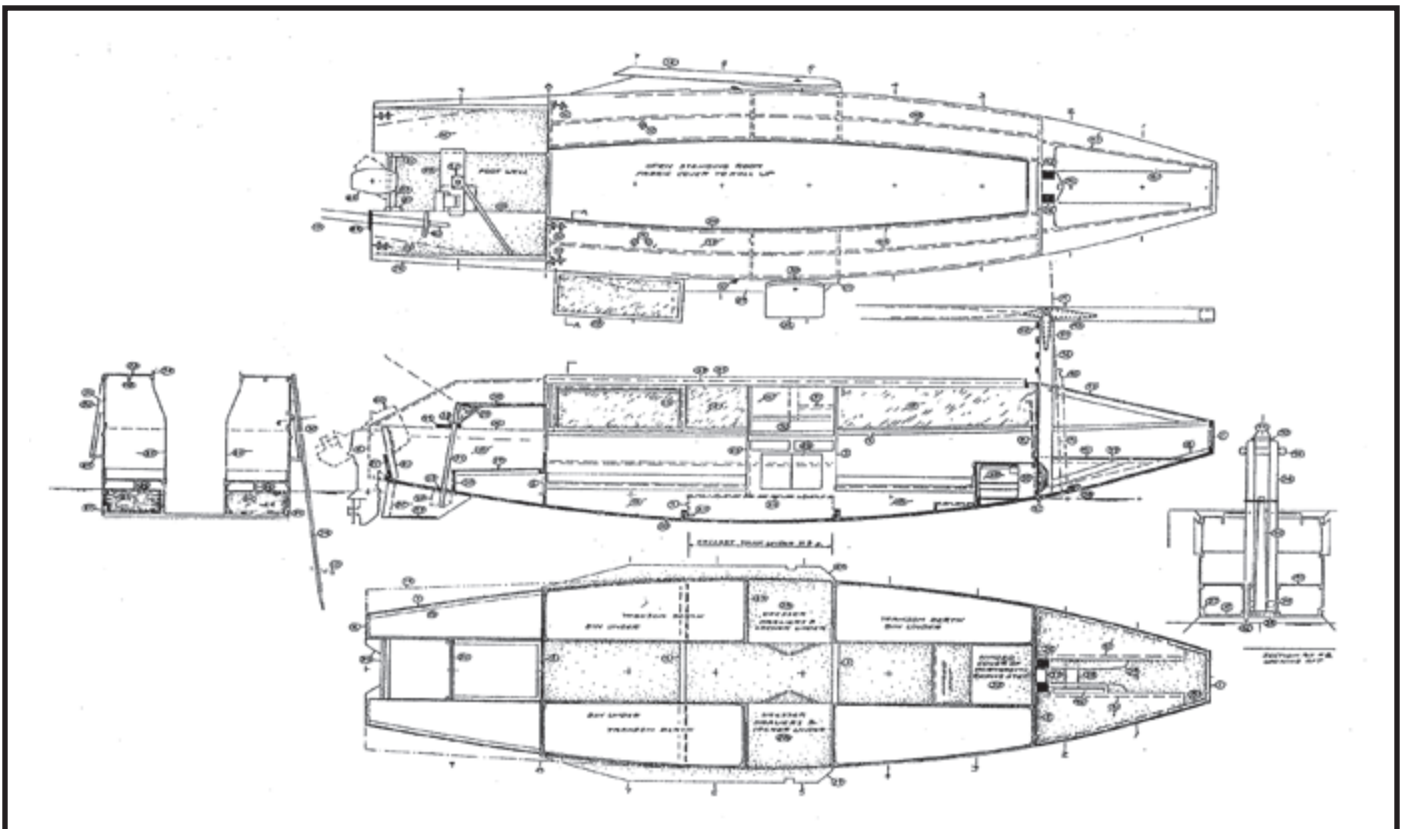
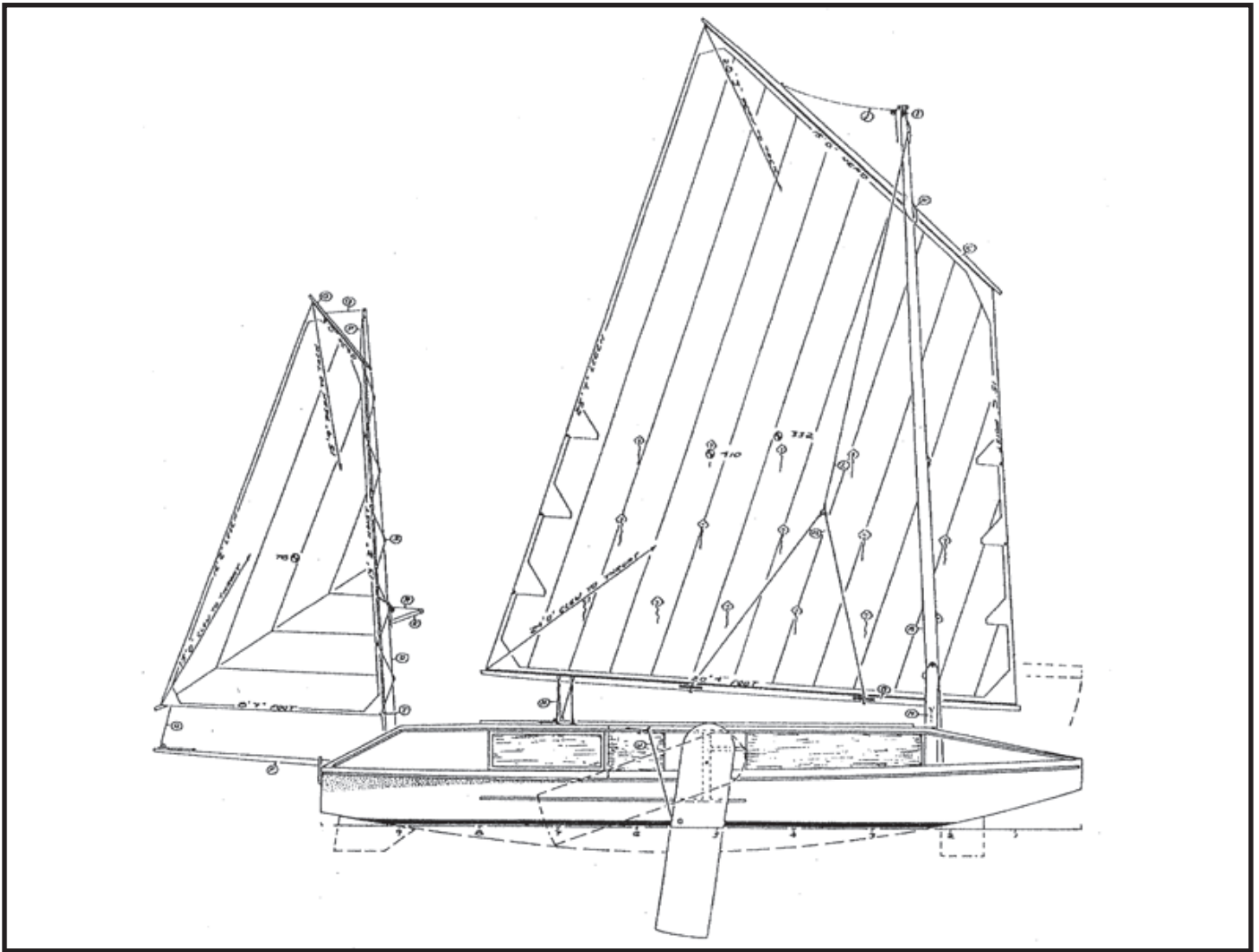


Satisfying progress.

Coming about.

Boards lowered, *Utilis* goes upwind in light airs.





In a Letter to the Editor that appeared in a small watercraft magazine, the writer questioned why the editor had long ignored jet skis. Clearly, he reasoned, jet skis were watercraft, and they were small; furthermore, they often utilized the same waterways. He additionally subscribed to the notion that since small boats and jet skis were of similar ilk they should share the same journal. The editor diplomatically responded with a "NO! He would remain a publication about boats."

My initial reaction was in agreement with the editor especially since he has a backlog of decent boat articles over which he must judge and prioritize. But the Letter to the Editor author did spur my antiquated brain. Sundry thoughts and remembrances aroused slowly but profoundly. Jet skis have proliferated along the Mississippi to an extent paralleling the nuisance Zebra mussels and Asian carp. Worse, they have infiltrated the nearby Cedar River that flows through my beloved town. The Cedar has less than two miles of navigable water and is appallingly narrow. Nevertheless, in an urban population of nearly 250,000 this river attracts hordes of jon boats, houseboats, speed boats, pontoon boats, shanty boats, bass boats, runabouts, sail boats, and, of course, jet skis.

Gunwale to gunwale these entities roar around with motors ranging from the fancy bass boats with twin 250s to small fishing jon boats with ancient 2.5 Evinrudes pushing them along. Add to this mix a myriad of skiers in age range from 4 to 80 following on boards at speeds from barely afloat to faster than I-80's speed limit. To say only that it is crowded is like saying there are only a few pigs in Iowa.

Not that I mind traffic on the river, boating around the Mississippi teaches one that crowds are inevitable and the standing law of the water is that the bigger the boat the greater the right-of-way. Try sailing down on a 24-barge towboat and expecting the skipper to yield to your unpowered vessel!

I do remember one particular evening when I first purchased my beloved *Genny Sea*, a West Wight Potter 15, and had to move it from one trailer to another. Neighbor Mike and I towed down the two trailers, launched the boat, and attempted to put the boat on the second trailer. About the time I

Jet Skis as Water Fowl

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

managed to hook the boat to the winch line a pair of jet skiers made a run at us at Mach 3, missing us by inches but creating waves of such magnitude that my little Potter jumped over the trailer guide rails and, because of its attachment to the winch, ended up on its beam ends. The skier's laughter faded into the ethers as my swearing rose to a level unheard in quantity or quality outside of boot camp (my company commander was a senior chief boiler tender who hadn't been ashore in decades, he could swear for 20 minutes without repeating himself!).

This solo event had enlarged my animosity toward those who ride those things. I have developed a prodigious hatred of all things jet ski-ish, until I read the Letter-to-the-Editor. With significant thought about the problems of the city and state, I have prescribed the following concept:

Cogitating the dilemma we Cedar Rapidsians are facing since the "Flood of 2008" in which over 5,000 homes were damaged or destroyed, the entirety of downtown was under a story-and-a-half of water, and all businesses and homes ten blocks on either side of the river for the length of the city were ruined, I have been looking for a fiscal opportunity to save our ravaged town. Worse, the state of Iowa, that has a balanced budget mandate in the state constitution, is so broke that the governor was forced to demand a immediate 10% across the board budget cut, and he will need to make another such demand before the fall's election (see if Governor Culver gets re-elected, not a chance).

The answer to many of these problems is in front of our eyes. We need a hunting season for jet skis! Think about it. First the state can charge a small fortune for hunting licenses. Certainly most of us would gladly pay upwards of \$200 for the opportunity to take aim at such an elusive target. We pay half that to hunt deer, and most of them are as tame as milk cows. Not much sport there. But jet skiers are speedy little devils requiring great stealth, selection of good hunting spots, a high quality-high powered rifle with

excellent scopes. Sport stores will reap barrels of money, sales taxes will rise appropriately, and the new sport will keep kids off the streets and joined in quality father-son time.

Think of the opportunities. Hunters will be rewarded with bounty of say \$10 for the ears of jet skiers. Gophers get you \$.50, coyotes bring only a few bucks, and wolves aren't much better. With the bounty, hunters have a chance to recoup some money back on their expenses while the state is shed of waterway congestion while making money doing it! Furthermore, hunters should be allowed to salvage the jet skis. This will also boost the state economy due to need for big, big retrievers and needed training. I think Newfoundland dogs or large black labs may serve this need. They have the strength and genetic orientation to swim out, grab the jet ski, and tow it ashore. Here the hunter can salvage aluminum, steel, plastic for re-cycling, and perhaps even some precious oil and gas. This means more money for the hunter and additional need for metal salvage companies.

Hunting jet skiers clearly would impact Iowa education. We have traditionally been among the top three states in various assessments including the SAT and ACT as well as the ubiquitous Iowa Test of Educational Development and Iowa Test of Basic Skills, the two most solid and robust exams in the country. The elimination of dolts who ride jet skis will eventually raise the communal IQ of the entire state; furthermore, it will keep these morons from the gene pool. This not only eradicates this pestilence but it also open up the job market as their loss means more job openings.

Truly, I see great opportunities here with nothing but fiscal, social, and education gains in the offing. I am so excited that I have proffered this concept to Governor Culver (who is in desperate shape since he must face a previous governor in the election, the "Governor-for-Life" Terry Branstad, a six-term predecessor). I also have examined the prospect of purchasing a quality 30.06 with laser vision and military scope. I cannot wait.

Editor Comments: Consider that *per-chance the jet skiers might choose to fight back with fly-by grenade tossing attacks on moored and slow moving boats intruding on their turf!*



Handy Billy 21

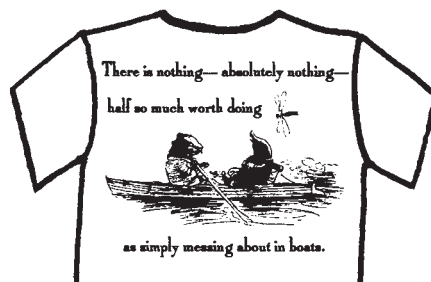
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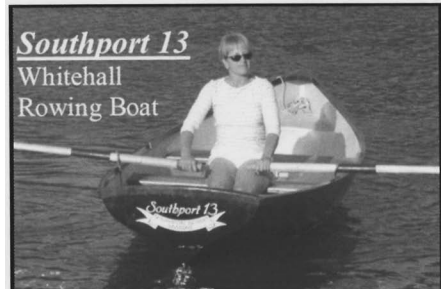


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Canoe Wheels

Designed By T.H. Holding
Published in the *Field*, December 9, 1882
Reprinted from *Paddlers Past*
Journal of the
Historic Canoe & Kayak Association

I have been vowing for a good many years that I would treat my miniature yacht to a neat little carriage all to herself. I have been victimized so often, have seen huge scratches inflicted on and had varnish scraped off the boat's side, been provoked by delays, bled for gratuities, all this and much more, and remembering the lessons so vividly that, at last, in a fit of wholesome desperation, I vowed "I would make myself independent," especially when on a cruise.

The last blow which broke the back of my hesitancy was this little circumstance. I wanted my canoe transported a few miles, for which the railway would have charged the minimum half crown. I asked a carrier his price, as he would be carrying a miscellaneous freight in my direction on a given date. I said, "Will it be much more than the railway charge, which is half a crown?" He promptly said, "No, that'll do." Behold then, said carrier and in my presence on a given day when four other personages of my acquaintance were on the scene. This was his speech, and it settled me.

"Your name Holding?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've brought this blamed thing here, get som'on to help it down for I'm blamed if I touch it. I wants five shillin' for bringin' on it, and a sight too little, too. You must think I'm a soft if I'd cart such a thing for half a crown. It's perfectly unreasonable, and you ought to be..."

In the midst of this delightful, but to me, confusing sentence, I had the needful two half crowns in my hand almost instantly. The matter so completely put my reputation at stake that I dare hardly name the sum I would not have given to redeem myself from a sin which clearly I had not yet committed. In a day or so I drew the plans now submitted, and with a short note, posted then to Mr. Singer of Coventry who not only carried out every detail most accurately, but improved upon it at a price that I consider most reasonable.

Anent the bother of portage, perhaps the following lines from Sheila on the Wear may not be out of place. I take them from a letter to hand yesterday:

"About six weeks ago I went down to the boathouse and got afloat, had a paddle as far as Hylton, and came back to Pallion, where I had desired to land, and get a couple of men to carry the boat to my house. But I could not get two men, so had to content myself with four boys and you need not be informed of the attractive element which would be found in four boys carrying a canoe. The juvenile population of Pallion considered four boys inadequate for the necessary work. Therefore as many as could get underneath it did so, though I had selected the four most likely for the job, and started them off with the canoe.

I then turned my attention to the paddle, and having got hold of it, I "claymored" the youngsters off to a distance and then followed my men. But, spite of my remonstrance, about 20 young Sunderlonians insisted on following the whole of the distance and, of course, as they journeyed, the

procession grew in numbers all the way. You can imagine better than I can describe it. I walked in front with an umbrella, then the four boys with the boat hedged in by the swarm. Even the four bearers did nothing but fight the whole way about each other not having any weight. I was right glad to get home. En route, everybody stopped to have a gaze at its as we passed."

I should think they did. Well, I don't intend to say that a pair of wheels would have prevented a few gazers had Sheila trundled his Rob Roy along Sunderland streets himself, but it would have done the little land journey far more pleasantly, and cheaper probably had he possessed such a little machine as I am about to describe. Even on the cruise I had this autumn on the Severn I would have preferred taking and using the wheels for the two portages I had to perform at Bridgnorth and Shrewsbury, with the delay they caused. The little item of cost, paltry as it was, amounted to four shillings a mile, in two stages, I allow, but I lost several hours over the little enterprise.

In the "Cruise of the 'Osprey,'" as its readers may remember, I had seven land portages which cost nearly as much as the price Singer charges for this new canoe carriage. As modern canoeing is now conducted on one of two modes of progress, long paddling has become the exception. We either paddle easily downstream or sail on whatever course we have to make, and so only use the blade when lack of a strong current or favouring breeze fails us. Under such circumstances the little bit of weight is no real impediment, and the accommodation and sense of independence they afford one fully repay that, with a good percentage into the bargain.

The Canoe Carriage

Being but an indifferent draughtsman I must ask some little indulgence for the imperfect sketches.

Figure 1A: The axle, which is 26" long inside the hubs. It is made of best steel drawn tubing as now used in the highest class bicycles. At the centre it is 1 1/4" (1.25") diameter, tapering to 7/8" (0.875") at axle end.

Figure 2B: Is an iron plate 1/8" (0.125") thick, 3" broad, and 6" long and is brazed

onto the axle, perforated with eight screw holes, by which the keel is made fast to it. B2, Fig 2, is the axle brazed to the plate. B2 in upper sketch also shows the back or underneath look of this arrangement. CC in Figs 1 and 3 shows the end and side elevation of keel block as fastened to the plate, and into which the keel slips. This ought not, as I have learnt from experience, to be made, as Mr. McGregor urges it should, a close fit.

I had one a close fit but, not having tied the canoe steadily down to the axle, the strain of the first lurch in a rut broke it off. Though I have shown the block as in one piece, in reality it is in three, of good elm. The bottom part of block is 1" thick. The side pieces are also 1" high and cut for the garboard streaks to lie snugly on them, but yet allowing the main weight to be on the keel. It is as well to have lines from the axle over the deck to steady it. The top of the block and the bottom of the keel groove have thin rubber buffers fixed in. The Wheels

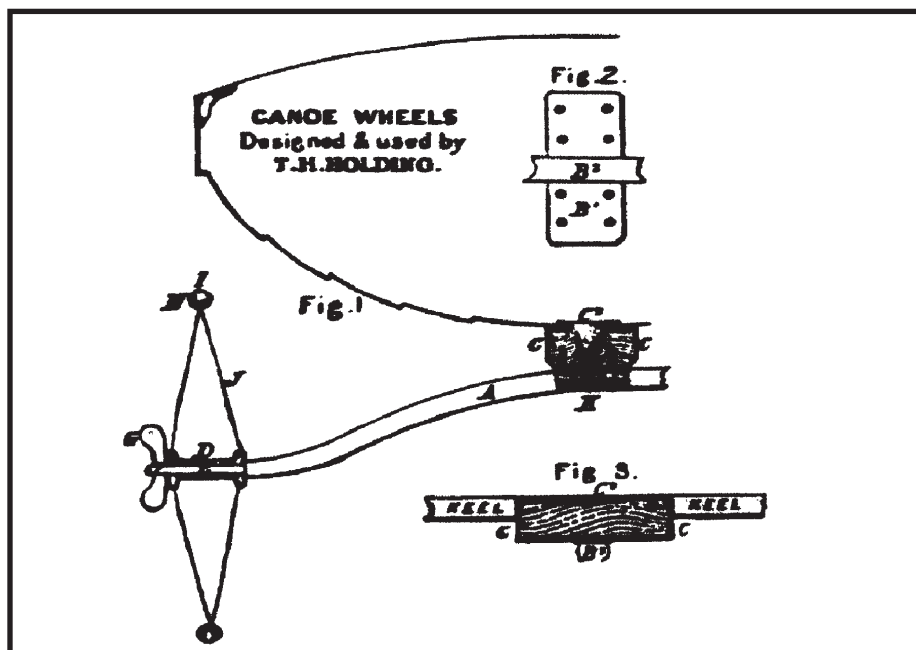
These are 14" in diameter, constructed as follows: 1/8" steel spokes; the fellows are 5/8" U-shaped steel rims, as used in light racing bicycles. Into these are fitted 5/8" rubber tyres. The spokes are screwed direct into a gun-metal hub. The axle end runs through, of course. On the end E is a washer that is fit against the axle end, and so when the thumb screw, G, is screwed up it does not affect, touch, or press the wheel.

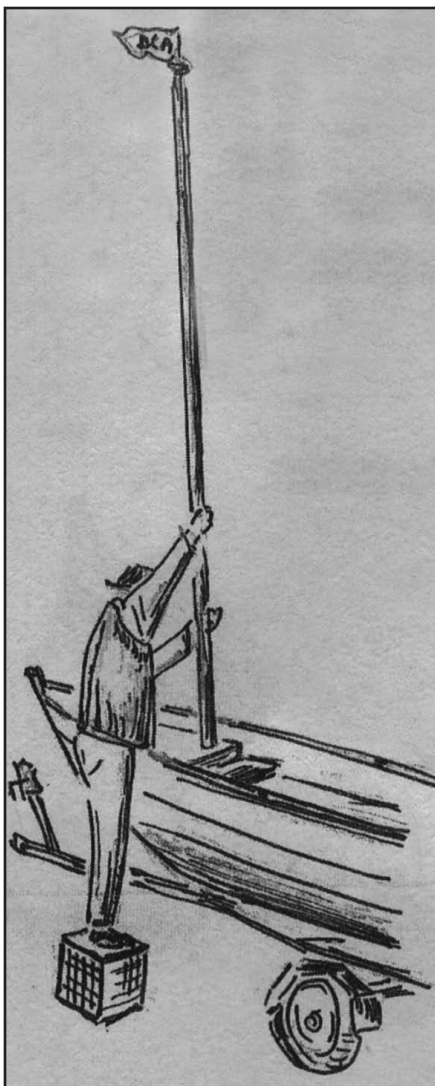
I find the wheels can be fixed in their places, the carriage put under the boat in one minute.

I may as well say why the axle is raised; just to bring the canoe higher into hand for pulling along, to prevent stooping. The whole machine is very light. I am sorry I cannot give its weight just at the moment. In appearance it is neat, as it is in reality handy. I omitted to give curve elevation as 3". Of course, the thumbscrews could be replaced by ordinary nuts, but as I have them they are handier, not needing the application of a spanner.

Readers interested in learning more about the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association and their journal should contact:

Tony Ford, Am Kurpark 4
37444 St. Andreasberg, Germany
Tel: +49-5582 619 – Email: tford@web.de





From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

As noted in past issues, my Sisu 26's fuel system goes from the tank to the electric fuel pump at the engine. It is a suction system to the pump and a pressure system thereafter. I have owned two boats (one gas and another diesel) with pressurized fuel systems from near the tank to the engine. In both cases, especially with the gas system, I checked the fuel lines and connections on a regular basis as I did not want fuel to be sprayed into the boat (or onto a hot engine) if something in the fuel system failed.

The gas system became a pressurized one when the fuel hose to the engine would collapse when the suction increased beyond a certain point. At idle and medium speed, the fuel flowed quite nicely. When the engine rpm was increased to get on a plane and stay there, the line would slowly collapse and cut down, or off, the fuel flow to the engine. Since the fuel line was buried beyond retrieval under the gunwale of the boat, the solution was to put a pump near the tank and push the fuel to the engine.

The procedure was to start the engine and head away from the dock at idle speed. By the time we were in open water, the engine was at its operating temperature and I could proceed at a faster speed. At this point, I flipped a switch that started the electric fuel pump and advanced the throttle. When it was time to slow back down and get the boat off the plane, I would retard the throttle and turn the electric fuel pump off. When I sold that boat, I explained the sequence to the new owner and told him why this set-up.

The diesel system was pressurized because I had two large fuel filters in the line and the mechanical fuel pump on the engine could not pull through enough fuel at cruising

speed to keep the diesel running. I installed the electric fuel pump at a convenient location near the engine, installed a bypass, and removed the mechanical pump.

What brought the above to mind was a story from people renting the cottage next door to us at the coast. Their rental van lost acceleration and the engine died. They coasted to the side of the road to see what was the matter. Opening the hood they saw flames. They quickly evacuated everyone and got their luggage and gear out before the entire vehicle was on fire. Since the fuel pump is in the tank in that model of vehicle, one thought was that there was a break in the fuel line and the pump continued to push gasoline to the engine until the electrical system was shut off. By that time, there was enough fuel on the hot engine to vaporize and cause the fire. For this reason, I am careful about a pressurized fuel system in a boat.

To race or not to race, that is the question. One of the "joys" of being the race committee at a sailing event is the decision to start the race when the weather either looks bad (i.e., it is raining and gusting wind) or is projected to be bad (i.e., large, black clouds and lightning heading our way). In our part of the Gulf, most of the weather moves in a northeast direction off the coast and the Shell Point area can be dry with rain to the north, or very wet with clear to the north, as a storm moves through.

One time, when I was into sailboat racing, the weather to the west looked bad while I was getting ready to drive to the coast. This was before the days of the "Weather Channel" or online weather information so I called the FAA weather people and asked about VFR flying in the Tallahassee/Apalachee Bay area that afternoon. The prediction was for heavy winds and rain (the front was about ten miles deep) from about 1400 to 1800. The race was scheduled to start at 1300. I arrived at the skippers' meeting at 1030 and told the others what the prediction was for the afternoon. The race was postponed to a 1400 start with a shortened course. By 1230, the wind was picking up and we all stayed at the dock and watched the heavy rain come down.

April 24 of this year was the Annual Stephen C. Smith Regatta at Shell Point. As race committee, it was my decision whether to start the offshore races or not. The wind was 10-15 knots with a prediction of the wind building as the afternoon progressed. There was also a massive rain front that might, or might not, impact on our area of the Gulf. Most of those present wanted to race, so my wife and I went out in our Sisu 26 to act as race committee boat.

The first race, a simple 4.8-mile triangle, was underway with three fleets started in wind from 14-16 knots. Throughout the race the wind gradually built (with increased wave heights). By the end of the first race, the wind was at the 16-20 knot range and none of the participants argued when I waved them back to shore. The front never came through our area on Saturday, but the wind stayed in the high teens to low 20s for most of the afternoon. Had we started the second race, most of the participants would have probably dropped out (22' to 24' boats are wet and wild with the wind gets around 20 knots). As it was, everyone was off the water before the whitecaps started rolling onto the beach. The short courses for Sunday morning were called off due to the 20-knot winds and rain when the front finally arrived.

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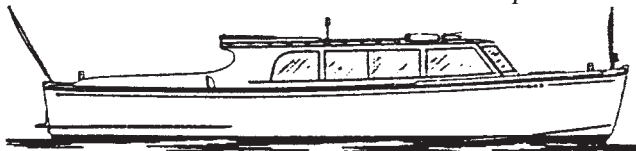
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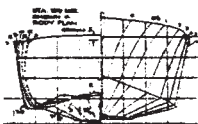
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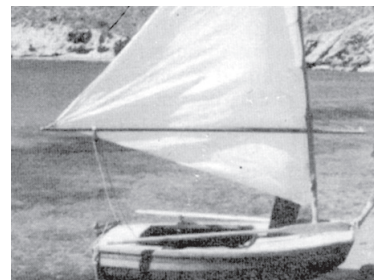
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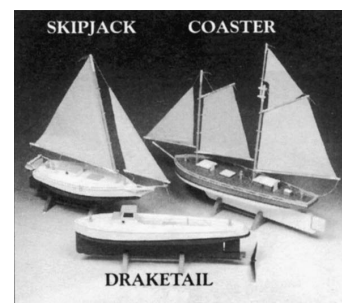
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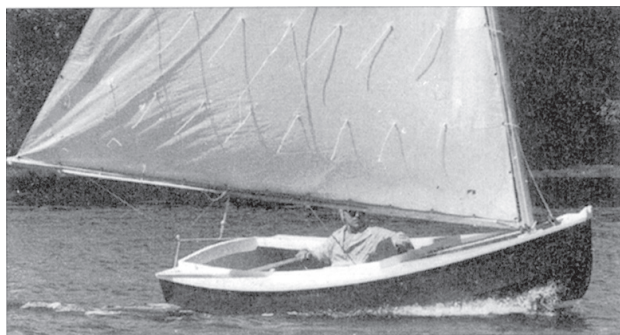
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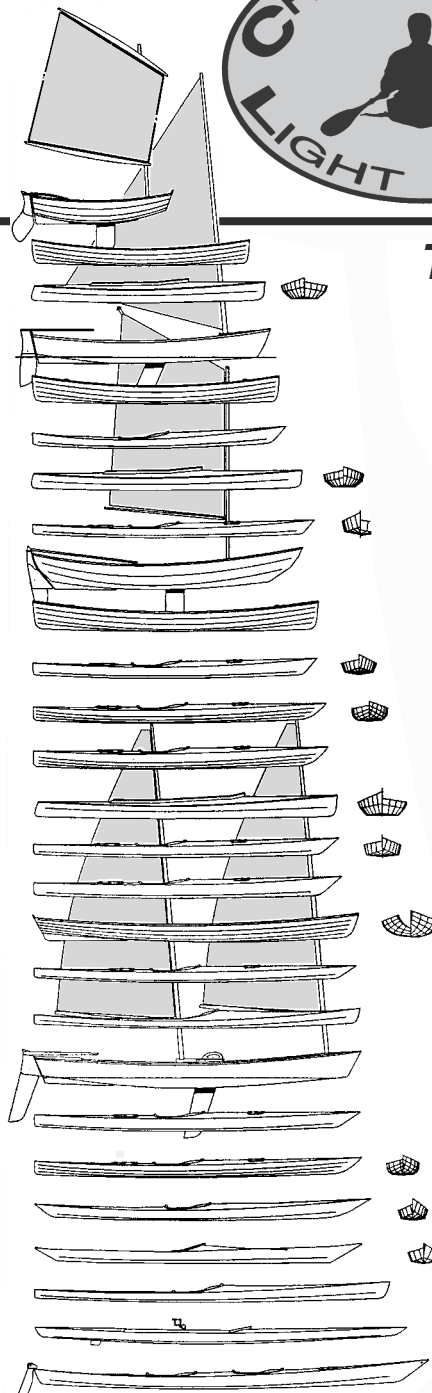
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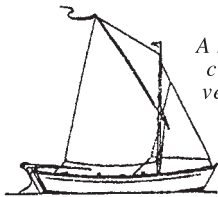
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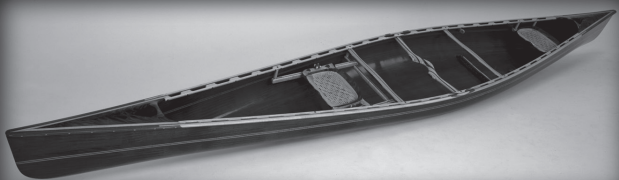
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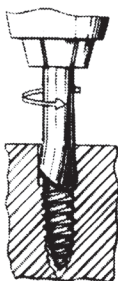
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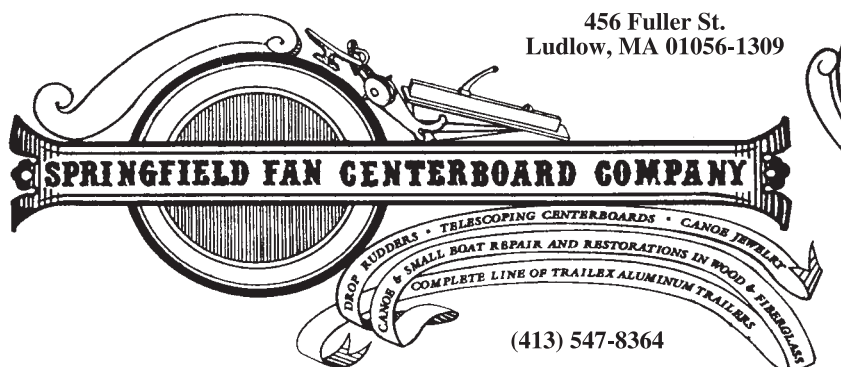
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20' Outrigger Sailing Canoe, modified Ulua design. Main hull beautifully strip planked in native Douglas fir w/4' watertight decks fore & aft. Waterline bilge is self-draining & allows floor in a v-hull. Clear West System™ epoxy covered in and out w/black trim. Nds outriggers, Sunfish sail rig & some work. Incl trlr. Well built & potentially fast. JOHNNY WALKER WOODWORKS, Steamboat Springs, CO, (970) 879-4947, rosebud@springsips.com (8)



14'O'Day Javelin, '86, self-bailing, self-rescuing, great sailing, gd shape, perfect for youngsters & experienced sailors, trlr, sails. \$950. HANK WALLHAUSER, Greenwood Lake, Warwick, NY, (973) 762-9027, wallhaus@aol.com (8)

Echo Rowing Shell, deck color teal, purchased new in '05, used less than 100hrs. Incl carbon fiber oars, backward riding compass, deck bungees & slings. Always kept covered, photos available, will deliver in New England. \$2,500. GEORGE F. MCBRIDE, Machiasport, ME, (207) 255-8486, gmcbride22@yahoo.com (8)



19' Dell Quay Fisher, built '66. British built fg copy of traditional Scandinavian fishing boat. Powered by 1-cyl SABB Diesel, water cooled (fresh water, in present configuration). Has clutch & variable pitch prop drive system. Vy strongly built hull. Tandem trlr incl. All paper available; trlr licensed, but needs new brakes. Asking \$4,300. PAUL SMITH, Canyon Lake, TX, (409) 789-4615, paulsmith@mac.com (7)

Beetle Cat, fg by Alan Vaites method. New sail, 3.5hp ob w/bracket. Will deliver within reasonable distance of Cape Cod, MA, \$1,675. ELLSWORTH PEARL, Middleboro, MA, (508) 947-4426 (7)

11'6" Charlotte Canoe, Tom Hill design ultra-lite lapstrake wood, 27lbs, rich green exterior, pale gray interior, thwart, backrest, breasthooks & gunwales varnished. Built '89, vy little use, a real beauty. \$1,500 obo. NANCY JEROME, Thetford, VT, (802) 785-4705 (9)

23' O'Day FG Sloop, good enough condition overall on new trlr. Total: \$2,000 boat and trlr. '73 "new" model keel/cb, solid top cabin, Sails are OK: Vy convenient roller furling jib. Sleeps 4 (or 5 friendly folk). Sitting headroom except at sliding hatch (hatch needs a new patch on each aft corner). Vy small galley w/pumped sink from tank (needs replacing) under front bunks. V-berth in fwd cabin, cabin can hold porta-potty & can be shut off for privacy. It would not be a big deal to put in a regular head and holding tank aft of V-berth to starboard. Center double becomes a table. A single bunk extends under cockpit. Basic needed work is to fix up cabin interior as whatever covering it had overhead is peeling and trim is missing or coming off around cabin sides (some sort of wood or fake wood). Can be sailed as is though, so go in this year and fix up cosmetics over next winter. Was sailed for years on LI Sound & has been sailed in Maine waters since. Selling? Why? Too heavy for present tow vehicle: (over 2 tons w/boat weighing 3,080lbs, a solid ship). A pleasant & roomy craft w/good-sized cockpit. More on sails: have added a Sunbrella leech to jib. Will sell boat alone for \$999 (what was paid for it ca. 2002) Trlr has surge brakes and water wash down system with swing axle (torsion type). We can arrange to transport on trailer it is on but you will have to provide the tow wheels one way. Mine can tow the empty trailer back fine. Vy easy on/off current trailer. Had 6hp on it when bought but that is no longer reliable. Using 9.9 hi-thrust 4cycle Evinrude (my opinion: overpowered w/that) which can be bought for \$1,500 w/boat if you catch me on a good day. Was \$2,200 new and has only 35hrs on it & was professionally maintained until I put it up myself last, has been stored in heated space since. This is a fine and reliable vessel in need of use. Photos available on line.

DR CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435 dc.cass@gmail.com (8)



Brand New P.D.R. Dinghy, w/brand new trlr. Ready for summer sailing. All you need is a sail. Located in SW GA. Can deliver within 100 miles free. \$325.

H. E. MADDOX, Blakely GA, (229) 723-5866 (7)

18' Spritsail Cat-Ketch Dory, Maine built w/9' Shaw & Tenney oars. Wood hull in gd shape. 2 rudders, 1 better sailing, the other beaching. Trlr incl. Sails by Nathaniel B. Wilson. \$1,200. Located in E. Boston, MA.

FRANK TARGI, E Boston, MA, (617) 470-8135, (617) 567-4596 (8)



18' Gaff Rigged Sloop, pine on oak, bronze fastened. Fixed keel draws 30". Small cabin, sleeps 2, cushions inside & in cockpit. Galv trlr. \$2,000. JIM HUNTLEY, Keene, NH, (603) 352-6864 (7)

18' '07 Ladybug Flat Iron Wooden Skiff, w/25hp 4-stroke Tohatsu, full controls & electric start, extra gear & folding top, Coast Guard equipment, very little use. \$4,900 cash OBRO. **15' Aluminum Tracker**, 9.9hp 4-stroke Merc, lots of extras, vy little use. \$2,800 cash OBRO. **Lightning Hull**, cedar. \$200 cash OBRO. **20' '04 Lunenburg NS Troll Dory**, w/motor well, 2 pr oars, anchor, trlr, & new 2hp Honda 4-stroke. \$6,000 cash OBRO. **18' Old Town Otca Canoe**, built '61, exc cond, needs to be recovered. \$950 cash OBRO. **16' Old Town Otca Canoe**, built '49, vy nice cond. \$1,450 cash OBRO. **14' Bahamian Sailing Dinghy**, built by William Albury in early '50s, needs rebuilding, \$900 cash OBRO. LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216 (7)

58 – *Messing About in Boats*, July 2010

Mill Creek 13 Kayak, well-known Chesapeake Light Craft design, built in WBS class with former CLC owner Chris Kulczycki. Incl instruction manuals. Vy little use. Asking \$1,100. **Sweet Dream 13' Ultralight Solo Canoe**, part of my fleet reduction. Also built at WBS, little used. Incl book w/all building info, now asking reduced price of \$850. Must sell. Either boat delivered southern New England.

KEN WEEKS, W. Hartford CT, (860) 521-2225, kww128@comcast.net (7)

8' Dyer Dow FG Dingy, w/brass oarlocks & lightweight "Smoker" oars & transom dolly. Needs a bath & rub rail repair. Small patch where bow kissed the stern of mother boat. \$250. Located Greenwich, CT.

PETER PRIGGE, Marietta, OH, (740) 374-8474 (7)

16' Double Ender Rowboat, built by Terhi Saiman in Finland '00. ABS/foam sandwich construction, vy strong & light. Adjustable seat, foot braces, side shelves, large fore & aft storage lockers. Transom for small o/b. Two rowing stations. Incl 2 sets oars, tilt trlr w/new wheel bearings. Everything in gd shape. \$1,200.

DOUG BACON, Vulcan, MI (UP), (906) 563-5099 (8)

GEAR FOR SALE

2 Old Outboards, last used over 20 yrs ago. Inside storage, being sold "as is". Both turn, not frozen, were running when last used & put in storage. **Montgomery-Ward 5hp**, aircooled by Clinton Motors. Only used in fresh water. **British Seagull**, w/manual. Used in saltwater, chrome on the shaft is gone. Priced to sell at \$25 each.

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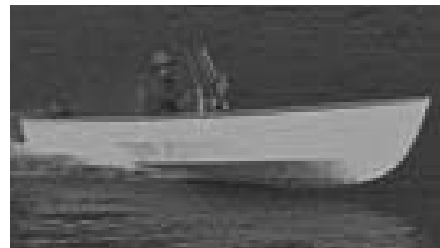


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DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

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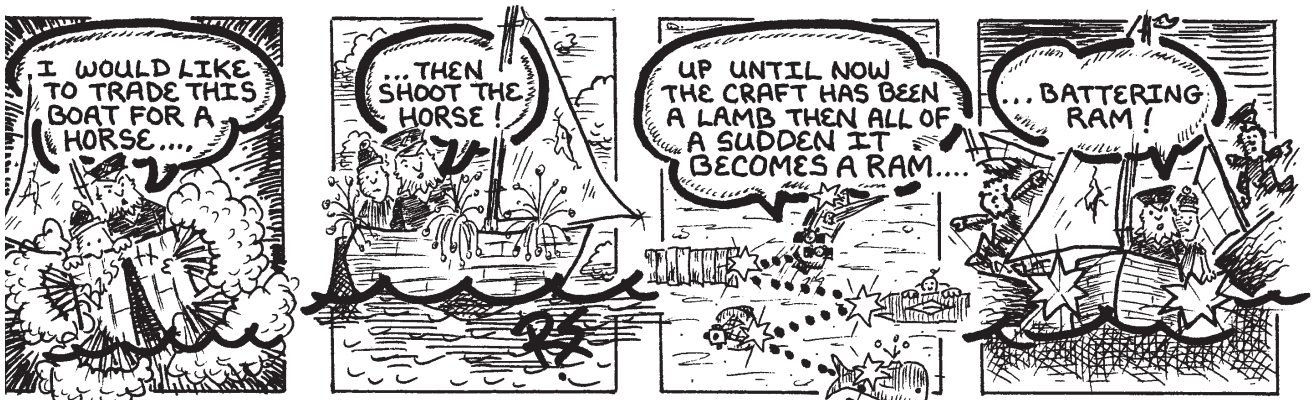
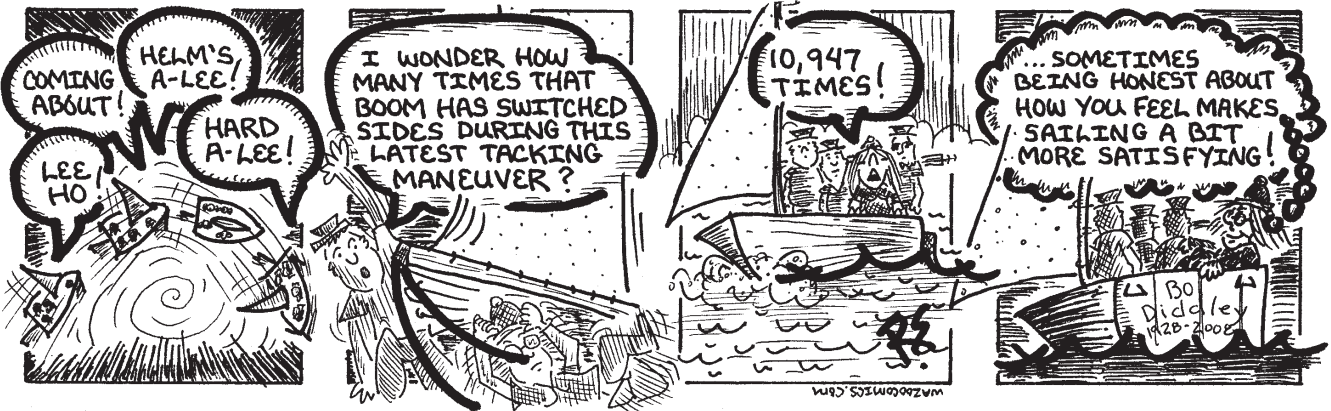
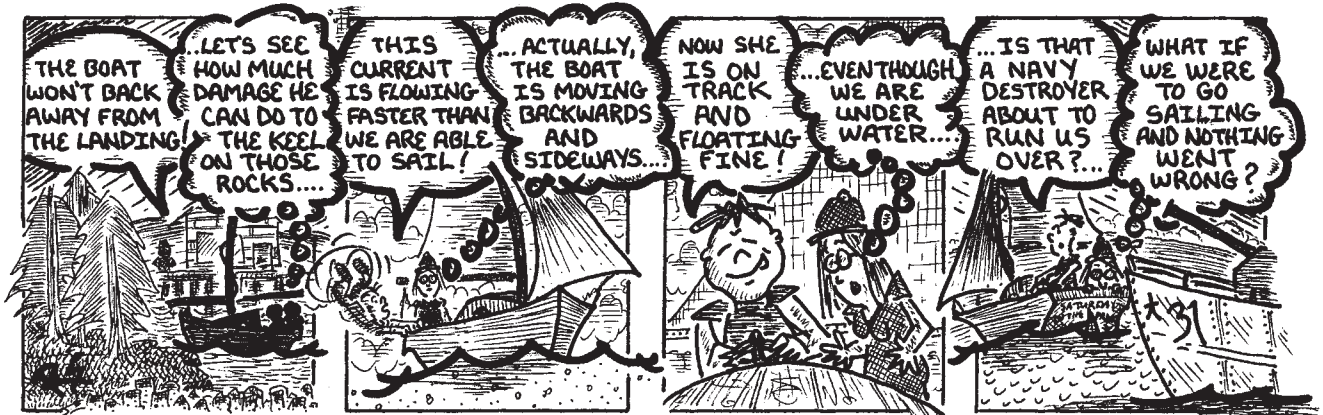
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July 22-25 Harbor Fest, Oswego NY **
July 30-Aug 1 Classic Boat Show, Clayton NY **
Aug 13-15 Maine Boats and Harbors, Rockland, ME**
Oct 7-11 US Sailboat Show, Annapolis, MD
Oct 14-17 US Powerboat Show, Annapolis, MD

** denotes boats in the water

Steve & Dave,

You guys gave me a fantastic 70th birthday present; my Vermont Packboat arrived! I expected a good-looking craft, but I was blown away by this beauty. A study in minimalism, every detail perfect. She brings to mind the exquisite homes designed by Green & Green. I've been on custom racing yachts where the joinery hasn't been up to this level. After freeing her from her 160-pound packing crate (OSHA would advise wearing something more substantial than flaps for this part of the operation - are there any nails or screws left in your shop?) I had my second very pleasant surprise. Over 55 years of rowing has taught me to view builder's weight as wishful thinking and I'd mentally added a few pounds. Maybe my birthday lunch of two fish tacos and a huge slab of cake gave me super-human strength, but when I picked her up I swear she was lighter than the advertised weight...a wonderful surprise.

A quick drive to Stillwater Cove introduced her to the Pacific. Stillwater in a small cove that opens to Carmel Bay. The cove is embraced by Pebble Beach and to say it is the ideal place for a first row is an understatement. Only one fly in the ointment; it had rained the day before (yes, it rains in California) and the wind we call "clearing Westerly" (though it has a good bit of North in it) was ripping the surface of Carmel Bay into a sea of white. 35-mph winds were predicted and they seem to have gotten it right. A patient person would have waited a day, but anyone who knows me (hell, anyone who's met me or stood in line behind me at a grocery checkout) knows patience is not one of my virtues. Boat off truck, oars in locks, old man in boat and we were off.

Over the years my boats have morphed into longer, leaner versions of the one before. When I was 12 I rowed an aging plywood row boat built sometime before the war (that's WW II for you kids). She was all the things a rowing boat shouldn't be; wide, flat-bottomed, slab-sided, blunt sterned and HEAVY with stubby little oars. But, God did I have fun in her. From her I moved to dories and wherries and then to sliding-seat boats. My last boat was a Maas 24 which I had to stop rowing because my diabetes has killed any feeling in my feet and it became impossible to balance the long toothpick. I like water best when it's moving, and I loved to take the Maas out in rough conditions, open the bailer and crash through whitecaps and surf swells. Time moves on, but I must admit to fretting; here I had ordered, sight unseen, a boat half the L and nearly three times the BMAX. Would my bad feet allow me to row it, would it be a slug? As the Aussies say, "No worries, Mate"; the packboat balanced beautifully (no problem with my numb feet) a couple of small adjustments and we were off!

Bruce Brown, Pebble Beach, CA

(to be continued)

Bruce is the author of *Open Water Rowing Handbook*; *Stroke: A Guide to Recreational Rowing* and *Long Strokes: A Handbook for Expanding the Rowing Experience*. He was the West Coast Editor of *Sailing World*